

THE MONTH

A Catholic Magazine and Review.

SEPTEMBER, 1886.

CONTENTS.

1. USURY. <i>By the Rev. Joseph Rickaby</i>	I
2. HENRIETTA KERR. Part the First. <i>By the Editor</i>	8
3. TWO VIEWS OF THE RENAISSANCE.	22
4. THE TRIUMPH OF CHRISTIANITY. <i>By Arthur Austin-Jackson</i>	31
5. IMPRESSIONS OF MEXICO. <i>By M. M. Maxwell-Scott</i>	36
6. CATHOLIC MISSIONS IN 1886. <i>By A. Hilliard Atteridge</i>	47
7. AMERICAN MANNERS. <i>By Condé Benoist Pallen</i>	60
8. BELGIUM UNDER CATHOLIC GOVERNMENT. <i>By Austin G. Oates</i>	66
9. CHRISTIAN MARRIAGE. Part the Second. <i>By Rev. William Humphrey</i>	81
10. BRITISH ART IN 1886. <i>By the Rev. J. G. MacLeod</i>	91
III. Future of English Oil Painting.	
11. THE LADY OF RAVEN'S COMBE. <i>By E. H. Dering</i>	107
Chapters LXII.—LXVI.	
REVIEWS	131
1. The Latin Poems of Leo the Thirteenth. 2. The Clothes of Religion. <i>By Wilfrid Ward</i> . 3. Ecclesiastical English. <i>By G. Washington Moon, Hon. F.R.S.L.</i> 4. Sermons of the Rev. Joseph Farrell, late C.C. Monasterevan. 5. The Valiant Woman. <i>By Mgr. Landriot</i> . Translated from the French by Alice Wilmot Chetwode. 6. Short Papers for the People. <i>By the Rev. Thomas C. Moore, D.D.</i> 7. Catholic Hymns. Edited by A. E. Tozer. 8. Notes and Sketches of an Architect. <i>By Archibald M. Dunn</i> . 9. Clarendon's History of the Rebellion. Book VI. Edited by T. Arnold, M.A.	
LITERARY RECORD	146
I.—Books and Pamphlets.	
II.—Magazines.	

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I.—PRELIMINARY NOTIONS.

THERE is no dealing with a scientific subject unless at least the elements of the science be understood. It is necessary therefore here, to premise one or two elementary points of political economy.

We must distinguish *use value* and *market value*. The use value of an article of property is the esteem which the owner has of it from every other point of view except as a thing to sell. Thus a man values his overcoat on a journey as a protection from cold and rain. A book is valued because it was held in the dying hand of a parent. This is use value. The market value of an article is the estimate of society, fixing the rate of exchange between that and other articles, so much of one for so much of another, *e.g.*, between mahogany and cedar-wood, considered as things to sell.

Exchange is twofold, corresponding to this twofold value. There is *private exchange*, which regards use value; and *commercial exchange*, which is founded on market value. If I part with my waistcoat to a sailor for carrying me across an arm of the sea where there is no public ferry, that is private exchange. If I pay the ordinary fare, where there is a public ferry, that is commercial exchange.

Private exchange begins in the need of at least one of the contracting parties. It is an act of charity in the other party to accommodate him by offering the thing needed. If the offer is made otherwise than as a gift, and is accepted, the receiver is bound in justice to see that the offerer suffers no loss by the accommodation given. Thus far the receiver is bound in justice: he cannot justly be bound any further. However useful or profitable the thing be to him, the offerer cannot charge for that, but only for the loss that he himself suffers, or the gain that he foregoes, in handing the thing over; or the pains that he takes, or the hardship that he endures, or the risk that

he runs, in rendering the service desired. If all the labour performed, or damage suffered, or risk run, by the sailor who ferries me across is adequately compensated by the bestowal of an article of clothing, he has no right to any more, not though the passage he has given me has been the occasion of my gaining a kingdom. The gain that I make is not from my ferryman, but from the circumstances of my own condition. He has not right to sell to me what is not his,—that which attaches, not to him, but to me. He can only sell his own loss, risk, pains and labour. At the same time, if I have any gentlemanly or generous feeling in me, I shall be forward to bestow extra remuneration on one who has rendered me so timely a service; but this is a matter of my gratitude, not of his right and claim in justice.

All this is to be understood of the bargain made antecedently to the actual exchange. That bargain must be so struck, in point of strict obligation, as to cover, so far as may be, the loss of either contracting party: but any special gain that either may derive from it is matter of pure gratitude; and gratitude must not be put into the bill.

This much of private exchange. Commercial exchange on the other hand is conducted according to market value. Apart from dire necessity—and one in dire necessity is not fit to enter into commercial exchanges—the rule is, that you may always ask the market value of your article, however much that may be above what the thing cost you, or the use value which it bears to you. Thus, if I find in my garden a coin of the Emperor Roscius Otho—so far as my tastes go, a bit of worthless metal—I may sell it to a museum for £10, if the common opinion of numismatologists would approve of that valuation. If there was no market for coins anywhere, but only one curious old gentleman who valued such things, I could charge him nothing for it, though he doted on it, it being of no use to me, and bearing no market value. At the same time, if I gave it to him, and some time after a fine cheese reached me as a present from his quarter, I should be confirmed in my opinion of his being a gentleman.

As there is a twofold value, and a twofold exchange, so the great instrument of exchange, money, bears a twofold character. In the one character it is an instrument of private exchange: in the other character, to us more familiar, it is an instrument of commercial exchange. In the one, it represents use value to

the particular owner, more or less to him than it would be to some other owner: in the other, it represents market value, the same to all at the same time. Later on it may be seen that money as an instrument of private exchange is barren, and that any interest taken upon the loan of it in that character is "a breed of barren metal," sheer usury: while as an instrument of commercial exchange money may be put out to lawful interest.

2.—THE SIN OF USURY.

"Usury is properly interpreted to be the attempt to draw gain and increase, without labour, without cost, and without risk, out of the use of a thing that does not fructify." So ruled Leo the Tenth in the Fifth Council of Lateran, 1515. Benedict the Fourteenth in 1745 wrote in the same sense: "That kind of sin which is called usury, and which has its proper seat and place in the contract of *mutuum*, consists in making that contract, which of its own nature requires the amount returned exactly to balance the amount received, a ground for demanding a return in excess of the amount received." *Mutuum*, it must be observed, is a loan for a definite period, of an article, the use of which lies in its consumption, as matches, fuel, food, money.

Usury, then, is no mere taking of exorbitant interest. There is no question of more or less: but it is usury to take any interest at all upon the loan of a piece of property, which

- (a) is of no use except to be used up, spent, consumed:
- (b) is not wanted for the lender's own consumption within the period of the loan:
- (c) is lent upon security that obviates risk:
- (d) is so lent that the lender foregoes no occasion of gain by lending it.

Where all these four conditions are verified, and yet interest is exacted upon a loan, such interest is usurious and unjust. That is the declaration of Leo the Tenth, of Benedict the Fourteenth, and of the Catholic Church. And why? Simply by reason of the principle that we laid down before, speaking of private exchange, a principle that is thus stated by St. Thomas Aquinas:

If one party is much benefited by the commodity which he receives of the other, while the other, the seller, is not a loser by going without the article, no extra price must be put on. The reason is, because the benefit that accrues to one party is not from the seller, but from the condition of the buyer. Now, no one ought to sell to another that which is not his, though he may sell the loss that he suffers. He,

however, who is much benefited by the commodity which he receives of another, may spontaneously bestow some extra recompense on the seller: that is the part of one who has the feelings of a gentleman.¹

St. Thomas speaks of sales, but the principle applies equally to loans. It is upon loans of money that interest is commonly taken, and of money loans we will speak henceforth. Clearly, if the lender has to pinch himself or his family in order to lend, or lends at a notable risk, he can claim the compensation of interest, according to the doctrine above stated. He is selling his own loss, or anxiety which counts as loss. But supposing he has other monies in hand, and the security is good, all such claim breaks down. Hence it is to be further inquired, what the lender could have done with the money if he had not lent it. He has enough without that for all domestic needs, and for all luxuries that he cares to indulge in. It is a fact, which ignorance passes by and prejudice will overlook, but all the same a well ascertained and undeniable fact of history, that there have been ages and countries in which a man, circumstanced as we suppose, had nothing absolutely to do with his money in the event of his not lending it but to hoard it up in his strong box, and wait long months till he had occasion to use it. If he lent it in the interim he was no worse off on the day that he got it back again, and had been no worse off while the money was away, than if it had never left his coffers. Such is the contract of *mutuum*, shorn of all accidental attendant circumstances, a contract which, "of its own nature," as Benedict the Fourteenth says, that is, apart from circumstances, "requires the amount returned exactly to balance the amount received." Nor, though the receiver of the loan has gained kingdoms by it, is any further return due from him on that precise account in strict justice.

But now an altered case. Suppose land is purchaseable, and it is possible to stock a farm with cattle and rear them, and convey them to a large town where there is a brisk demand for meat—the supposition is not always verified, nor any supposition like it, but suppose it verified in some one case—then, though the lender has other monies in hand for the needs of his household, and the security is good, yet the money is not so lent as that he foregoes no occasion of gain by lending it: he foregoes the purchase of land and farm stock, or at least delays it, and delay is loss where profit is perennial; on that score he

¹ *Summa*. 2. 2. 77. 1. c.

may exact interest on the money that he lends, which interest will be no usury. The title of interest here given is recognized by divines as *lucrum cessans*, "interruption of profit." The interest is taken, so far as it goes upon a lawful title, not upon the fact of the borrower's profit—that is irrelevant—but upon the profit that the lender might have made, had he kept the money in hand.

3.—THE MIDDLE AGES.

This latter case represents that putting of money out to interest, which is an essential feature of modern commerce. The former case is the aspect that money-lending commonly bore in the middle ages. In those days land was hard to buy, agriculture backward, roads bad, seas unnavigable, carrying-trade almost *nil*, peace insecure, raids and marauders frequent, population sparse, commerce confined to a few centres, manufactures mostly domestic, capital yet unformed. Men kept their money in their cellars, or deposited it for safety in religious houses—whence the stories of treasure-trove belonging to those days. They took the coin out as they wanted it to spend on housekeeping, or on war, or feasting. It was very hard, next to impossible, to lay out money so as to make more money by it. Money was in those days really barren, a resource for house-keeping, not for trade—a medium of private, not of commercial exchange—a representative of use value, not of market value. Apart from risk of non-repayment, to take interest for money that you had no use for but to hoard, was getting "a breed of barren metal;" it was taking up what you laid not down; it was making profit out of your neighbour's need, or gain, where there was no corresponding need unsatisfied, or gain forfeited, on your part; it was that "attempt to draw gain and increase, without labour, without cost, and without risk, out of the use of a thing that does not fructify," which the Fifth Lateran Council defines to be usury.

Jeremy Bentham, with that charming absence of imagination, and inability to enter into any other ways than the ways of modern London, which was the mark of the old Westminster Review School, observes on the notion of "barren metal:" "If the borrower employs the borrowed money in buying bulls and cows, and if these produce calves to ten times the value of the interest, the money borrowed can scarcely be said to be sterile."¹ O, learned Jeremy, *if, if!* "If they have no bread,

¹ Quoted approvingly in Lecky, *History of Rationalism*, ii. 260.

why don't they eat cake?" asked the little princess. If you have no land, or if no winter fodder, or if no way to send your calves to market, or if a party of Scots cross the border and lift your cattle, your money had much better have lain in your strong-box sterile, most learned Theban. Truly the wisdom of one generation is the folly of another.

4.—MODERN TIMES.

In our time, thanks to steam and electricity, the increase of population, and continued peace, the whole world has become one trading community. There are manifold modes of investing money, in business, in agriculture, or in the shares of some company. The increased productivity of labour, and the ease wherewith the products are distributed, enables money readily to be converted into other lucrative commodities. Money with us is not a mere medium of private exchange for the purposes of housekeeping: it is a medium of commercial exchange. It represents not use value but market value. To be a thousand pounds out of pocket for a year means generally an opportunity of gain irretrievably lost,—gain, be it observed, than can be made otherwise than by money-lending. Therefore the modern money-lender can commonly point to *lucrum cessans*, gain lost, and arrange beforehand with the borrower for his being reimbursed with interest. That interest is not usury.

5.—CHURCH LEGISLATION ON USURY.

The transition from mediæval housekeeping, with its use values and private exchange, to the mercantile society of modern times, was not made in a day, nor everywhere at the same rate. It was a growth of ages. In great cities commerce rapidly ripened, and was well on towards maturity even five centuries ago. There the conditions that render interest lawful, and excuse it from usury, readily came to obtain. But those centres were isolated. Like the centres of ossification, which appear here and there in cartilage when it is being converted into bone, they formed no continuous organism. Here you might have a great commercial city, Hamburg or Genoa, an early type of commercial enterprise, and, fifty miles inland, society was in its infancy, and the great city to the dwellers there was as though it were not. Hence the same transaction, as described by the letter of the law, might mean lawful interest in the city, and usury out in the country—the two were so disconnected. The legislator had to choose between forbidding interest here or

allowing usury there ; between restraining speculation or licensing oppression. The mediæval legislator took the former course. Church and State together framed a number of laws restraining the taking of interest, laws that, like the clothes of infancy, are not to be scorned as absurd restrictions merely because they are inapplicable now, and would not fit the modern growth of nations. At this day the State has repealed those laws, and the Church has officially signified that she no longer insists on them. Still she maintains dogmatically that there is such a sin as usury, and what it is, as defined in the Fifth Council of Lateran above quoted.

6.—USURY YET A POSSIBLE SIN.

But is not usury, however possible in the abstract, and however frequent an actual occurrence in early stages of society, an obsolete sin and an impossibility in our time ? It is by no means an impossibility : there is reason to fear that it is often practised. Find an out-of-the-way corner of the world, poor, destitute of manufactures, and occupied by small peasant-proprietors, with here and there a small town—that may be made even yet an usurer's paradise, away from the restraining influences of religion.³ Again, it is not uncommon for poor people to lend one another a few shillings at a time at a pretty high rate of interest. This interest more than represents any profit that the lender could have made out of the money in the interval. No doubt, it is partially justified by the risk of non-repayment ; but these petty transactions are grievously suspected of usury. Lastly, there are not wanting indications of usury on a princely scale.

There are in every large commercial community those who reap enormous rates of interest, with only rare losses to off-set their gains. These are the men with preternatural sagacity to know when it is safe to trust a rogue, how far to ride with a spendthrift towards his ruin, just the point at which to leave a tottering house whose foundations they have undermined by drains of exorbitant interest, just the moment at which to "unload" a stock ; men with the cunning to secure themselves against loss, whoever else may suffer ; men who have the hardness to exact the last penny of their dues at whatever distress to the debtor. Such men are the wreckers of trade. Their gains are great, for they reap the enormous profits of extra-hazardous risks, yet seldom lose in the principal sum lent.⁴

³ The instance before me is the Deccan, which was devoured by usurers only a few years ago. See *Nineteenth Century* for September, 1877, pp. 181, seq.

⁴ *A Brief Political Economy*. By F. A. Walker (p. 196).

Henrietta Kerr.

AMONG the saints and friends of God there is to be found every kind, as well as every degree, in, the perfection to which they attain. They may be classified under a hundred diverse aspects. We trace in some one virtue or set of virtues as specially predominant, while others are remarkable for what seems an almost opposite phase of sanctity. Some are called to the contemplative, others the active life, others to one which combines the two. Some live the life of ordinary citizens, as regards mere exterior circumstance, others are a class apart, consecrated to God in the priesthood or the religious state. But among all these points of difference there is none in which they are so widely separated, none in which there is so obvious a basis of classification as in the historical development of their sanctity.

Under this aspect they fall into three very distinct classes. There is one class of saints who are saints from their infancy. They show scarce a trace of original sin even in their earliest years. Not only does the love of God seem to come to them as it were naturally, but a very high degree, a very exalted aim, is theirs from the first. They are God's spoilt children from the very beginning. Their natural impulses have disappeared before they had any time for development. They are led by the Spirit of God in every detail while still mere babes. They display a thirst for suffering before they attain the age of reason ; they mortify their bodies as if by an innate love of mortification ; they consecrate their virginity to God while still tiny children ; they grow pale or faint away at an immodest word long before they know its meaning. Grace in them is not only at work from the beginning, but predominant from the beginning. Their sanctity increases rather than develops. There appears to be no struggle in their breasts between nature and grace. One would think that the evil one was asleep when they came into existence, or that the devil set apart to assail them was by God's providence chained up or muzzled, so that he might not

harm them. Trials they have, enough and to spare, times of desolation and darkness, but these trials are very different from the trials even of ordinary saints, if we can call saints ordinary. They are for the most part internal trials, and the persecutions of men pass over their heads and leave no more trace than the angry wind sweeping over the solid rock. Their desolation is not the result of a weary struggle with the lower nature, but is neither more nor less than a share of that desolation which our Blessed Lord endured in the garden of Gethsemane and on the Mount of Calvary, and which His holy Mother shared with Him, when she stood tearless and speechless beneath the Cross.

There is an opposite class of saints, who are in a very different way miracles of the grace of God. They are those who once were not only great sinners, but notorious sinners, sinners steeped in sin to their very lips, given over for long years to a wanton and wilful indulgence of some form or other of mortal sin. They have lived in a state of open hostility to God ; they have deliberately sold themselves to their evil passions or desires ; to "work all uncleanness with greediness ;" sometimes they have even taken a sort of pleasure in insulting and outraging the majesty of God. More often they do their best to banish all thought of Him, and to live as if there were no God, no judgment, no life to come. There has been, however, even amid their greatest wickedness, a secret self-reproach, an interior voice which has refused to be silenced. They have never lost all hope ; deep down in the recesses of their heart there has been a potential good, an indescribable something which was the true self, overlaid as it was by so much that was revolting and horrible. There was the latent spark which needed but the help of God to fan it into a flame, and when the time was come, the flame burst forth from its hiding-place, and kindled a fire of love which soon consumed all the rubbish of earth which had choked it before, and turned all the evil to good, and seemed to burn the more brightly and fiercely on account of past sins forgiven, illustrating the words of our Lord respecting her who is the prototype of all such saintly penitents, "Many sins are forgiven her because she loveth much ;" or the command of the father of the returning prodigal, "Bring forth the first robe and kill the fatted calf, for this my son was dead and is come to life again : he was lost and is found."

But there is a third class of the saints and holy ones of God different from either of the above. It consists of those in whom

nature was strong at the beginning, and in whom there was a fierce struggle between nature and grace, but a struggle in which little by little nature succumbed and grace prevailed. They were not in their early years such victims of Divine love as are comprised in the first class; nor, on the other hand, were they ever enslaved to Satan and to sin. The process of their sanctification was not a sudden conversion, nor was it merely a gradual growth. It was a series of contests in which victory was not altogether unmixed with occasional defeat, but in which the defeats were few and far between, trifling and insignificant, compared with the series of magnificent victories which marked the campaign. As in the career of a great conqueror, there is now and then a failure in some unimportant skirmish which only stimulates him to greater watchfulness and a more energetic resolve to crush his foes, so, in the career of such saints as these, their very failures were but the means to more brilliant victories, and a more complete subjugation of the enemy of their souls. Their life is thus a series of continual steps, each of which involves fresh suffering and fresh trials, but each of which brings them nearer to God.

It is this class of saints who are more especially a source of hope and courage to ordinary mortals. We are on that lower ground from which they started. If they worked their way upward, why not we? Between them and ourselves we say from time to time in our more hopeful moments that there is a difference only of degree and not of kind. We are conscious of the first beginnings of that love which was the glory and the crown of their lives, and who can tell whether the feeble little plant may not under the influence of God's grace develope in our case into a noble tree? In their earlier stages they were like ourselves. They were not saints from their childhood, nor on the other hand were they ever among those whom a miracle of grace lifted from the depths of sin to exalted sanctity by a sudden bound. They plodded on as we do; were sometimes disheartened as we are; struggled as we struggle; suffered as we suffer. In their lives there were crises, as perhaps there have been in ours; epochs when they passed into a higher atmosphere and were conscious of a new life running through their veins; and we find that these epochs came unexpectedly and un hoped for, by a grace of God which we may venture to hope may be given to us as well as them. The life of any such, whether strictly deserving the name of saint or not, who nevertheless

rising indefinitely above the average level of good Catholics, has climbed to one of the loftier peaks in the mountainland of perfection, is a valuable treasure, a source of help and strength and courage to all who are fighting the battle, and who are determined by the grace of God not to be content with the amount of virtue to which they have hitherto attained, but to struggle on perseveringly, higher and ever higher, as long as life shall last.

It is this adaptability to ordinary Christians which gives such a deep interest to the *Life of Henrietta Kerr*. She was, before entering religion, a well-born English girl, such as we may continually meet in good society. Not that there are many like her, even before she bade farewell to the world; but she was not so far removed above the standard of good pious ordinary maidens, but that all may hope to follow in her footsteps, even though it may be at a distance, and imitate, even though they may fall very far short of, her high virtue and devoted love of God, and poverty of spirit, and happy abandonment to God's will in all things. We are not going to attempt any history of her career; we must for this refer our readers to her published life. We intend to confine ourselves to tracing the work that the grace of God did within her, and the consequent development of her spiritual life and her steady advance in holiness, which led her on from stage to stage of the ladder of perfection. It is not often that the golden thread, or rather the thread, silken at first, then silvern, and becoming pure gold at last, can be so clearly traced from the very beginning to the end of life. We can see some indications of it even in the interesting volume which records her history. But her unpublished letters, the notes of her Retreats, and various other documents and sources of information to which we have had access, enable us to draw out more definitely and in detail the story of her inner life and of her gradual progress to perfection.

Henrietta Kerr was born in 1842 in a Devonshire rectory. Her father, Lord Henry Kerr, rector of the parish and county magistrate, devoted himself, anxiously, zealously, laboriously, to the spiritual and temporal welfare of his parishioners; and Lady Henry, though always an invalid, was full of zeal and energy in ministering to the poor.

Henrietta was a bright, strong, sensible child, very determined, but with a certain gentleness which prevented her strength of will degenerating into obstinacy. She was ambitious

from her infancy, fond of joining her brothers in their childish games and out-door occupations, possessed of a very fair allowance of self-love, but with an inborn sense of dependence and very strong affections. The following amusing incident was the first link of a deep and devoted friendship which had no trifling influence over her inner life; and like all strong natural affections, when in their proper place of subordination to the supernatural, was in her later life a great source of help and strength to her soul.

When I was five, the birth of a sister made a great stir in the nursery, and no words can describe my irritation and distress at being no longer the object of universal attention. My eldest and third brother immediately transferred their allegiance to her, and a very wholesome epoch of teasing and humiliation began for me. It was in one of these moments that, having hidden in the garden to cry, my second brother came to look for me, and made me climb with him to the top of a hay-rick, and there promised me solemnly that henceforth he would always be my friend and champion. I made him the warmest protestations in return, and amongst other things, promised to adopt the same career in life as he. He said we ought to take our oath over it, but no one knew how to set about it. We knew that Abraham and Isaac had taken oaths, but we did not know how, so, joining our hands together, we told Almighty God that we intended to do as Abraham and Isaac had done. He kept his word to me through life.¹

When Henrietta was ten years old, Lord and Lady Henry Kerr were received into the Catholic Church. The child at first objected strongly to the change. She would not believe her father could do such a thing, and though she schooled herself in his presence to calmness, she cried herself ill in private, and for a fortnight resisted all attempts to lead her along the same path. "*She was not going to change.*" But one day at Benediction the wish to be instructed came to her, she knew not how; and when a few days after Dr. Manning talked to her, the truths of faith (as she said long after) seemed to her so "naturally true" that learning the lesson "she hardly thought it new." She had no objection to make, and felt forced at once to acknowledge herself a Catholic. It was on the 20th of October, the feast of

¹ Writing to the same brother more than thirty years after (April 24, 1881), she says: "I have never varied in my idea since 1847, when I settled you were my best friend, and I never had a doubt either as to your staunchness. I think God liked that agreement, and that it has helped us through life. Old friendships are of a sort that need no explosion. They make no noise, like babbling streams, but run on silently for a long spell at times. Your reminding me of it, however, has done me good." We shall see further on how deep and intense this friendship was.

Mater Admirabilis (a title of our Lady to which she afterwards had a very special devotion), that she was received into the Church. The faith once accepted, she rejoiced in the noble sacrifice which her father was making, and was pleased to think that she too might have a tiny share in that sacrifice. She was told that they would be very poor, and looked forward with no small exultation to having to assist in domestic work. She was quite disappointed when she found that their circumstances were much the same as before, and regretted that now she would have no opportunity of sweeping and dusting and doing servants' work.

An incident of this period of her life shows the wilful temper of the little maiden of eleven years old. On one occasion, when she would persist in striking a wrong note on the piano, and positively refused to strike any other, her governess, to prevent a repetition of such wilful disobedience, held her hands by force. Henrietta, determined not to be mastered, stooped down and struck the false note with her teeth!

But a crisis in Henrietta's life was approaching. The grace of God, which was hereafter to inundate her soul, was about to flow in by a new channel. In November, 1853, she made her First Communion. From that time she became a changed child. On the day of her First Communion she made the resolution to devote her life to the service of our Blessed Lord. She never lost sight from that time forward of the offering she had made. The self-will did not indeed disappear at once—it is of all weeds which infest the garden of the soul the most obstinate and the hardest to root up—but gradually, and little by little, its fibres began to lose their hold, and from time to time some generous act of self-conquest dealt it a serious blow. The following incident was one of these. Henrietta would sometimes show anger at being corrected, and speak with some pride of her family and connections. At last her governess had to remind her that she ought to be more humble and obedient, and that such talk was most unbecoming in her, especially as she would not even inherit her mother's title. That night, when the children had said their prayers and were going to bed, Henrietta came to her, and in presence of the others went down upon her knees and asked her forgiveness, thanking her for what she had said, and promising never again to offend in a similar way.

Here was a deed of heroism which must have cost the doer

far more than some of the most splendid exploits of impulsive and natural daring. The work of self-conquest was now seriously begun. The determination which had hitherto manifested itself as self-will was henceforward to be used for God, and to be devoted to the carrying out of various resolves tending to His honour and service.

There was, nevertheless, at the age of twelve, still a good deal of the old Adam left. "She struck me as very fairly wilful and disobedient," writes one who was at that time her playfellow, but who goes on to say that this disobedience made her wonder, though it would not have surprised her the least in herself. It was one of those strange inconsistencies which manifest themselves while a struggle is proceeding between the "instinct about Almighty God" on the one hand, and the natural force of strong impulse as yet uncontrolled on the other. The same playfellow tells another story which shows the enthusiasm of her nature, the longing after a high destiny which God had implanted in her childish heart.

There was not at this time much external brightness of piety about her, but one thing I shall never forget. Lady Henry took us into the drawing-room together, and read to us some saint's life—I think it was about the Japanese Martyrs. Then it grew darker, and we sat on in the firelight, and she talked of how we had a quiet time now in the Church, but how things might change any day as they had done before, and a persecution come on. Both of us were sitting on the floor, I think leaning against Lady Henry as she talked. Then I remember Henrietta springing forward with her hands clasped and her hair all tumbled back, every bit of shyness and reserve gone, and a perfectly brilliant light shining over her face. "Oh, mama," she exclaimed, "do you think there is any chance we might still be martyrs?" (p. 28.)

The history of the next five years was one of a quiet, continual, determined struggle with self, ending in the gradual yet thorough subjugation of a will, the strength of which our readers may conjecture from the pious incident mentioned above. At the age of sixteen she made her first Retreat, and the idea of a religious vocation, which had at the time of her First Communion come before her vaguely and as a sort of childish anticipation of the future, now presented itself in more definite form. This is often the plan that God pursues: first of all there occurs to the soul the unformed, misty outline, which seems to fade away for years, but only to reappear in some new form after the lapse of time. The early fancy, indistinct

and scarcely understood, which came upon her at the age of eleven, had become clearer to her mind a couple of years after and was discussed with the brother who had won her heart at the age of five, and was to be her confidant all her life through.

The first time she ever heard of a hermit, she determined to lead a life like his, and this hermitage, which, by the way, was to be shared by this same brother, became a kind of dream to her as the ideal of happiness. They were to take a farmhouse by the sea, very far north, and live there together, doing all the work themselves, and hardly ever speaking; "serving God like the ancient hermits." It was a very curious ideal life for a girl of thirteen (p. 35).

After her Retreat in 1858 it took a more practical form, though it was still but an indistinct idea. Her present fancy was to be a "Sister of Charity." This time she really meant business. Her life from sixteen to nineteen showed this clearly enough. One who was her governess during these years writes as follows:

No sooner were her eyes opened to the importance of struggling against any defect or short-coming, than she would make the most strenuous efforts for improvement. At the beginning of one Lent, she resolved to conquer a somewhat quick, impatient way she had of speaking to a younger sister. Before Easter she had entirely overcome the fault. Another time it was suggested to her that she should for her Lenten practice conquer the habit of stooping, induced by her rapid growth and nearsightedness. She most gratefully accepted the hint, and set herself so bravely to work that in a few weeks the improvement in her carriage was marvellous; indeed she had to be restrained from overfatiguing herself by her efforts.

To give her a high motive for a difficult though apparently insignificant task, was to ensure her utmost exertion. For instance, it was observed that her lessons in dancing and deportment had but very little effect, and that she seemed to take no interest in them, and no trouble to improve. When remonstrated with, she gave as a reason that she did not think that she ought to overcome her defects for the sake of winning admiration, especially as her heart was elsewhere, and she desired to be as one separate from the world. But when she was reminded that this was only an additional reason why she should seek to develop every grace of mind and of person, that so she might offer her best to God, she gratefully thanked me for the reproof, exclaiming: "Now you have given me a motive, and you shall see that I will work with all my heart." Her progress from that time was most rapid, and she begged her teacher to tell her of all her deficiencies and to suggest ways of remedying them.

Thus the spirit of self-will was, under the influence of God's grace, transforming itself into the docile, teachable spirit of obedience. About this time she made the resolution to which she faithfully adhered of uttering an ejaculatory prayer whenever the clock struck the hour. She also acquired the habit of offering to God each action of the day, or as she called it, "putting it into the box for Him." Henrietta was at this time like one who has before her an imperfectly-formed ideal of life, and is making efforts, clumsy it may be and often ill-directed, but none the less generous and heroic, to live up to her ideal. She practised mortifications such as we read of in the lives of the Saints. She used to sleep on a board, taking one of the shelves out of the cupboard for the purpose, and placing it secretly at night in her bed. She delighted in menial work. Sometimes when she knew that she could do it unobserved by strangers, she would put on the apron of a servant, and set to work to scrub the floors. Her room was bare and scantily furnished. She practised with admirable diligence the habit of obedience. She would obey the summons of the bell with the exactness of a novice in a religious house. If others kept her waiting for meals, or when they were going for a drive, she would never show the least impatience, but would occupy herself by saying a decade of the Rosary. She had for some time been making a short meditation at the advice of her confessor. She was scarcely more than a child when she began, and she persevered in it with most praiseworthy regularity, though she used to find herself looking at the clock continually and praying for help and patience.

A part of the spring of 1860 was spent by Lord Henry Kerr and his family in France. They took a chateau near Tours, where they remained from Christmas to Easter. Close to their house there was situate, by one of those strange coincidences in which we cannot fail to trace the hand of God, a Convent of the Sacred Heart. Thither Henrietta went for a week in Lent to make a Retreat in company with her sister. "Fancy keeping silence for a week," she writes, "it was so delightful. A week never passed so quickly." It was during this Retreat that the resolution was finally taken to be a religious. What Order she was to join was still unknown to her. Her early desire for active work as a Sister of Charity had been succeeded by a reaction in the opposite direction. She now wished for the

contemplative life, and felt strongly drawn to the Carmelite Order. God was going to grant both the one and the other of her desires, and to place her where the union of contemplation with action enabled her to make the double sacrifice after which she instinctively longed, though she knew not as yet how she was to satisfy her longing.

This Retreat marked a new stage in her career. She had now made her offering to God, and He had accepted it, and from this time forward the cross that she had chosen as her lot was laid at first occasionally, and afterwards more frequently, upon her shoulders, just to remind her that she had now elected to be, if God should permit it, the spouse of Jesus Christ, and therefore a partner of His sufferings. In letters written about this time she talks of "black days and dumps," and very justly objects to the theory "that the latter are one's own fault and the result of one's besetting sin." She complains of unaccountable feelings of misery, and supposes that it is the devil who desires to "cheat her of her happiness, and to bring on his *aides-de-camp*—dumps." Poor child! She had not then learned to the full the difficulty of subduing to the yoke of Christ a nature like hers, eager, ambitious, impetuous, full of energy and determination. Many a day of secret sorrow and of desolation known to God alone, was the necessary price that had to be paid for the calm peaceful joy, the abandonment of self, the close union with God, the high degree of holiness, that marked her later years.

Her last three years at home were years of suffering to her. Not only were there these recurring and to her inexplicable "dumps," but there were many other trials ever present to her. Nature was still strong within her, tempered and controlled though it was by grace, and the very strength of her nature made the battle a fierce one. Her very innocence and simplicity made her enjoy the harmless pleasures and amusements of life; her personal attractiveness was very great; she was full of fun and humour and artless gaiety, and was one of those who are born to shine in society and to make the most of life's early brightness, and who appreciate to the full how sweet is the first draught of the innocent pleasure which moralists are too fond of disparaging, and which is all the sweeter because it is innocent, and because one who drinks it dreams not at first of the sorrow and disappointment, the weariness and satiety, which sooner or later presents itself as the bottom of the cup draws near.

But God in His mercy never allowed Henrietta to enjoy it without a certain reserve, or to be carried away with it. She had promised herself to Him, and this thought was ever present to her. She was conscious that for her there was something incongruous even in the most innocent *abandon*. She knew that she was created for a higher enjoyment than that of the ball-room or the opera, or at all events she felt that her heart was elsewhere, and she could spare not a corner of it for this world. She went to balls, but would not waltz; to concerts, but declined the opera. She seemed to enjoy herself, and to some extent did so. "We were very gay last night [writes Lady Lothian, with whom she was spending a part of the London season of 1863]. We went to two balls, and did not get home till three. Henrietta looks as fresh this morning as if she had just come down from the Eildons. I hope that you will let her stay on. I am sure she is not suffering in body or soul from her present life." But none the less, she *was* suffering, and that most acutely, though all through her life it was one of the characteristics of her secret suffering that it never appeared on the surface, and that even those who knew her well thought that she had not a care or trouble, or at least that she could throw off all that was disagreeable, and devote herself entirely to the amusements or serious occupations which came in her way.

Another source of trouble to her at this time was her incertitude as to the form of religious life for which God had destined her. From 1861 to 1863 she hovered uncertain between this Order and that. Her desire for Mount Carmel faded away, but what was to take its place? She visited first one convent in London and then another, and talked first to one Reverend Mother and then another, but still no definite result. But the time came at last. God had been leading her up to it gradually. In Paris, some two years before, Père de Ponlevoy had fancied that the Society of the Sacred Heart was to be her future home, though he said nothing to her at the time. During her Retreat at Marmoutier she had conceived a great affection for the order in everything save one. They were a teaching order, and to the work of education poor Henrietta had an invincible repugnance. Anything rather than that! It was not her *métier*, and her aversion for it seemed to make it impossible to her.

But after a time she learned that what is repugnant to nature is, perhaps for that very reason, the work that grace requires us to undertake. When Henrietta told her story to one of the

Jesuit Fathers in London, he was not long in discovering whither it was that God was leading her. When the visit to Lady Lothian was at an end she doubted no longer. Her own secret convictions had been confirmed by the voice of those who spoke to her with authority, and her doubts and fears disappeared. The very difficulties of her quest increased the joy at seeing the goal in sight. Her parents gave their generous though reluctant consent, and it was arranged that she should go to the noviceship of the Sacred Heart at Conflans on the following 8th of September.

No sooner was the resolution taken than a strange darkness fell upon her soul. She lost all interest in, all sensible desire for, religious life. The strong attraction seemed to be gone altogether. If before there had been a struggle and frequently recurring doubts, now it was one continued scene of desolation. God had forsaken her. Was it that she was unworthy of so high a vocation? One of the faults of her natural character was self-criticism, and the tendency to take the darkest and gloomiest view of her own faults and shortcomings. The devil, who had been watching her long, and who knows by long experience the signs of future sanctity, did his best to foster the gloom, so as to disconcert her at the last moment. In religion she would be a far more formidable and powerful enemy to him than in the world. If he could not hinder her vocation, at least he would make her utterly miserable. God, for her greater sanctification, permitted that so it should be. At last, not knowing where to turn, she wrote to Père de Ponlevoy, and laid before him the unhappy condition of her soul. His answer was that of prudence and experience. "Do not be surprised," he said, "at this insensibility. It is a good sign. The fact that the star has vanished for a moment shows that the end of your journey is reached, and that you have come to the place to which God has called you. Let things be; you will enter, and will find at once the *Child and His Mother*."

Three months had still to elapse before she joined the noviceship, and they were three months in which the ever cheerful happy exterior gave no sign of the desolation and the darkness which reigned within. She said afterwards that her heart would have failed her and her courage vanished, even at the last, had it not been for the long preceding struggle, and for the constant effort she had made for years to control her affections, and to keep herself detached from all earthly ties,

even the most sacred, and to be as one weaned from the world. The following incident shows how far she had already advanced in the spirit of self-abnegation and unselfish obedience.

On one occasion, when her brothers were at home for one of their short and infrequent visits, she had arranged to accompany them for a long ride, to which they all looked forward with intense pleasure. But at breakfast her father, knowing nothing of the plans for the day, asked Henrietta to come to his study at eleven o'clock, to help in arranging some papers. She cheerfully assented, hastily checking by a sign the remonstrance her brother was about to make. At the appointed time she went to the door of her father's study, but he had gone out, entirely forgetting the engagement, and she seated herself on the door-steps, and, with her Little Office book in her hand, passed two hours of that bright summer morning in patient waiting. When her father returned, vexed at his own lapse of memory, she welcomed him with as cheerful a smile as though her morning's occupation had been that which she most desired, and would not allow him to express his regret, which would have been more acute had he known anything of the projected ride she had so cheerfully given up for his sake.

On the 29th of August Henrietta left her home, never to return. Her father and mother accompanied her to Paris, and there her father bade her farewell. Lady Henry went on with her to Conflans. To her parents the parting was "like death." To her, too, it was like death, but a death which was the beginning of that new life which she had so long desired.

We must pause here, and review for a moment her inner life during these one and twenty years. The review is full of interest. We see first of all the child with her marked character, and choice gifts; sweet, winning, affectionate, possessed of great self-control and self-mastery even from the first, yet withal impetuous, prone to extremes, ambitious, proud, and with a most determined will. Next (and we would date this second period from the time of her First Communion) we see the same character under the influence of grace and that no ordinary grace, but such as God gives to those whom He intends to lead far on the road of holiness. The change is a very gradual one and for years there is a struggle—a clashing of nature and grace—which even manifests itself externally, and for a time perhaps mars the simplicity and charm of the natural character. Natural graces seem to be hampered by the supernatural, and the supernatural in their turn make themselves seen chiefly in the somewhat ungracious work of subduing the eager, vigorous, untamed nature still fighting for the mastery. There

is during this period a wild desire after God which knows not how to satisfy itself. It turns instinctively to humble menial labour, as an exercise of poverty, and to bodily penance, as the means of conquering impulse and offering to God something painful to self.

Then comes the first Retreat and new aspirations. We trace the longing after a perfect life developing itself within her, and first the "cornette" of the Sister of Charity begins to have a strange attractiveness, and then there is a reaction in favour of a hidden life with God, but all as yet vaguely and indistinctly. Meanwhile grace wins fresh victories, and the necessity of conquering the obstinate will dawns upon the soul. The growth of patience and submission to others, the conquering of inclinations naturally good, the love of subjection, the hiding of personal likes and dislikes, mark this stage in her career. We notice the reserve with which things beautiful are enjoyed, and a fear lest by any unguarded hours she should lose sight of the perfection after which she longed. Frequent attacks of desolation and an accountable misery, a most painful consciousness of her own faults, depreciation of self and an exaggerated self-criticism, are also the price that a nature like Henrietta Kerr's had to pay for the choice gifts that God was preparing for her in the future. Dreadful "dumps" came on from time to time—all the harder to bear because she had learned to conceal them, and to be bright and gay in the company of others. But nevertheless in spite of these drawbacks it was a very happy life, taken as a whole, as life is always happy when we are gradually drawing near to some object after which the whole soul longs. In Henrietta's case this object was her religious vocation, and the eagerness of the quest, the mere uncertainty of what God was going to do with her, was not without its pleasures as well as its pains. When at length all was settled, there was the sudden change, the depression, dulness, insensibility which we have observed, but this was but the natural reaction and often marks a vocation at last decided. Here we must leave her for the present. Already she has made good progress on the path of perfection, but it is as nothing compared with her advance in holiness after she left the world, as we shall hereafter see.

R. F. C.

Two Views of the Renaissance.

WHEN writers of the philosophy of history come to the difficult chapter on the great movement, commonly styled the Renaissance, their theories generally result in one of two opposing estimates; and as this movement marks the transition from the middle ages to modern times and modern thought and strongly influenced them, their estimate of it naturally affects that which they form of later history. "A history," Macaulay says, "in which every particular incident may be true, may on the whole be false." All the facts may be faithfully presented, but the interpretation of these facts will be different according as the medium, through which the writer views them, is different. The nature of the medium is determined by the personality of the writer. How difficult it is, in dealing with any aspect of history, to put off the personal spirit, is evidenced in the lately published translation of Dr. Gneist's highly valued *History of the English Constitution*, a work where that *nuditas animi*, of which Bacon speaks, would seem to be an attitude comparatively easy to maintain, yet in which the author, as soon as he begins to estimate men instead of institutions, allows his personality to assert itself. An example is his condemnation of the Stuarts, when he says, "All aims of this royal race, both externally and internally, are mistaken." Now this personal spirit is always most conspicuous in the writer who treats of a period of history, in which religion and morals are the strong determining elements. Without being necessarily prejudiced and partial in the bad sense of the term, that is, without suppressing facts or misstating them or maliciously misinterpreting them, he cannot help his historical landscape taking its tint from the colour of his own mind, he cannot exclude the action of his religious and moral feelings, as he can shut off rays of light, and so view the object in the *lumen siccum* of impersonality. Hence a Catholic historian of such a period always appears to those, who are opposed to his religious views, to be prejudiced and partial; and

this must be so, for the reason that either they have not the same standard of morality as he has, or they do not accept the teaching and principles of that Church which guides him in his judgment. As long as the religious standpoint of historians is so different, no identity of opinion on the religious aspects of history is possible.

Now the epoch of Renaissance is one that cannot but cause antagonistic estimates on the part of writers who have no fundamental religious principles in common. This fact is well exemplified in two views of that epoch which have been lately given to the world: one in the recently issued volume of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, the other in a portion of *Chapters on European History*. Mr. W. S. Lilly is the author of the latter work; the article in the *Encyclopædia* is by Mr. J. A. Symonds.

The standpoint from which the subject is viewed by Mr. Lilly is indicated very lucidly in his Introduction and in some of the earlier chapters. The history of mankind is the history of progress: progress has never been made in the physical, moral, and intellectual world except by obedience to law: the well-being of individuals and of nations depends on the choice of obedience or disobedience to the dictates of conscience which leads men to follow the highest ideal set before them: that ideal is Christianity. The mediæval period of history showed progress made beyond previous ages: though it had its iniquities as well as its vices, yet "resting as it did upon the morality of self-renunciation, it is superior to the times that preceded it in all that makes up civilization in the higher sense of the word, that is, further advanced on the road to perfection, happier, wiser, nobler." Caesarism and absolutism are absent from its politics; a higher ideal is informing its art: in literature, Dante surpasses Virgil: in philosophy, St. Thomas Aquinas Christianizes "The Philosopher," and "maps out the field of human thought with greater precision than he did." In the mediæval sacred poetry, Mr. Lilly sees the "highest holiest raptures of the lyre": but more important is the lesson it teaches in its absorbing supernaturalism. There was a supernaturalism in the literature of Greece and Rome, but the essential difference between it and that of the middle ages was that the former approximated to blind fatalism, while the latter breathed the spirit of the Incarnation of God: and hence in the application of these ideas to human life, the present was all in all to the pagan, the hereafter to the Christian: Paganism "materialized the unseen,"

Mediævalism "spiritualized the seen." This last distinction gives the standard by which we are to estimate the nature of the Renaissance. A further point necessary to the understanding of the view of the author of the *Chapters*, is this. To the mediæval period we are indebted for a valuable portion of our inheritance—liberty of conscience, "the most precious of our liberties." Gregory the Seventh won the triumph of the liberty of the Church over feudal tyranny, staying the triumph of monarchical absolutism, and "that liberty of conscience before human law which the English-speaking races enjoy in the nineteenth century, is but the expression, in the shape required by this changed time, of the principle for which Gregory fought." Now the transition with which we are concerned, from this period to that of the Renaissance, was, according to Mr. Lilly, a deviation from the track of the progress so far made.

The guiding principles of Mr. Symonds, as contrasted with those sketched above, cannot be fully gathered from his summary article; but they are indicated in his different works. Judging from them, he seems to be one of that largely increasing class to whom culture is morality, or who, at any rate, do not borrow their standard of morality from the ethics of Christianity; the men whom it is hardest to convert to Christianity, for the simple reason that paganism is enough for them. Such, at least, is the spirit of their minds, as expressed in their writings. Mr. Symonds first shows that the revival of learning (to which the Renaissance was sometimes very erroneously confined), was only one factor, though an essential one, in the complex movement called the Renaissance, which was really a great revolution in the religious, political, social, and intellectual world, differently operating in different countries. The historical landmark of the taking of Constantinople in 1453 is usually given as the time of its rise, the end of the same century as its culminating point in Italy, and the next thirty years as its decline there. The term Renaissance Mr. Lilly shows to be an ambiguous one, "a question-begging" word: Mr. Symonds defines it as a "re-birth," a "re-birth to liberty," "a recovery of freedom for the human spirit after a long period of bondage to oppressive ecclesiastical and political orthodoxy, and a return to the liberal and practical conceptions of the world, which the nations of antiquity had enjoyed, but upon a new and enlarged platform." It is made concrete in Humanism. Humanism is a state which "indicates the endeavour of man to resuscitate himself as a free being, not as

the thrall of ecclesiastical despotism." "As it actually appeared it was pagan in its contempt for mediæval mysticism, invigorated for sensuous enjoyment by contact with antiquity, yet holding in itself *the germ of new religious aspirations, profounder science, and sterner probings of the mysteries of life than had been attempted even by the ancients.*" "Humanism implied the rejection of those visions of a future and imagined state of souls as the only absolute reality, which had fascinated the imagination of the middle ages. . . . It stimulated the curiosity of latent sensibilities, provoked a fresh inquisition into the groundwork of existence, and strengthened man's self-esteem by knowledge of what men had thought and felt and done in ages when Christianity was not." Such is Mr. Symonds' view. Now what are these quotations but the echo of the words of the pagan poet of materialism:

Quare religio pedibus subjecta vicissim
Obteritur, nos exæquat victoria cœlo?

The human intellect and human passions struggled with "ecclesiastical despotism," striving to be rid of the doctrines that fettered them and hindered their free action, and amid the throes of the convulsion was born liberty for man, a child he thenceforth cherished, a child that grew up strong and brought him many blessings in after-time.

How does the Catholic writer's view contrast with this? As to the meaning of the word Renaissance, he allows that, in one sense, it may be fitly called a re-birth—but a re-birth, not of liberty, but of servitude. For the sacred word liberty is to him "the absence of restraints upon the *true* development and *right* exercise of the human faculties," and in the political order, is "protection from such restraints." Now the re-birth of paganism is, in the political order, absolutism, and, in the intellectual, materialism. The fourteenth and fifteenth centuries in Italy are styled by Mr. Symonds *The Age of the Despots*: yet it was during those centuries that the spirit of the Renaissance was at work there. And as the wave of absolutism rolled over the rest of Europe, we find Tudor despotism in England, the tyranny of Louis the Eleventh in France, the arbitrary rule of Ferdinand in Spain, in Germany the Imperial Princes practically absolute, while the free cities suffer from loss of freedom by struggles amongst themselves. Worst of all is the state of the spiritual power: "instead of the state depending upon religious sanctions, the Church had come to depend upon political. Material power

had taken the place of spiritual. Nay, the Church and ecclesiastical institutions became the chosen instruments of despotism," as seen in the use of the Spanish Inquisition by Philip and the doctrine of the royal supremacy in England. With the exception of Switzerland and a few other states, Europe was swayed by absolutism. Was this a re-birth to freedom? But may we not see, in the intellectual order, at least, the note of liberty, the human mind shaking itself free of trammels? Let us examine the facts.

In speaking of the precursors of the Renaissance, Mr. Symonds merely mentions a few of the great names of the middle ages to dismiss them with something of contempt, and then proceeds without, it would seem, any definite standard of appreciation and without discrimination to class all the most distinguished men of different nationalities, who flourished during the succeeding years in literature, art, science, and philosophy, as the living agents of the humanistic spirit. Because they are contemporaneous with, or immediately succeed the era of the New Learning, therefore they are, intellectually, the products of that era! It is difficult to see any other except this illogical argument underlying Mr. Symonds' classification. These men would, of course, all avail themselves of the riches of ancient learning and display its wealth in their works: but did they all handle it in the same way so that it became master of them and not they of it? We must surely distinguish the spirit and aims of each writer before we can assert that the humanistic spirit, such as its admirers define it to be, operated in him. Of the noted men who are named, some can with no consistency, be said to display that spirit, and with regard to the others who do possess it, Mr. Symonds' theory that they were restorers of intellectual freedom, will hardly hold. In poetry, both Dante and Petrarch are claimed by him as humanists: their works are "masterpieces which. . . for *emancipated force of intellect* rank among the highest products of the human mind." But is this "emancipated force of intellect" due to the assimilation of classicalism? Mr. Lilly would maintain that "the stamp of freedom" is on Dante's work, just as it was upon the work of the poets of the mediæval period, for the very reason that he is one of them, their "Spokesman," filled to the full with their spirit. "But the new spirit which arises is not one of creation, but of imitation": slavish imitation takes the place of free creation among the Humanists: Petrarch, the pioneer of the

New Learning, is great only when he does not copy mediæval models: while of the numerous minor writers, who followed *l'École* in Italy, it is enough to say that those who have ventured into the polluted atmosphere of their works "are of opinion that never was the gift of articulate speech so abused for the purposes of the vilest sensuality, as in Italy at this period." *Aetas nostra pejor avis*: the foulness of the paganism they absorbed generated still greater foulness: can this be called a state of liberty or the veriest servitude? Mr. Symonds cannot help speaking of the moral defects of the Renaissance, but he adds that while "much of the good of the past was sacrificed, some of the evil retained" still "neither the bad nor the good of the future was yet brought clearly to light." If this abominable licentiousness was the result of the stimulus given to the spirit of the Renaissance by the revival of letters in Italy, what was "the good of the future" that was to come from it, or where did that good reveal itself? However, good is a relative term, and the writer of the article may have a peculiar moral standard. We may notice, in passing, his description of the "gentleman" of Italy at the time: one, possessed of many accomplishments, who took "for his models of conduct the great men of antiquity rather than the saints of the Church." Among the succeeding literary giants claimed by Mr. Symonds as the fruit of the Renaissance, are Ariosto in Italy—his *Orlando Furioso* is "the most perfect example of Renaissance poetry"—Rabelais in France, Cervantes in Spain, Shakespeare in England: "these are the four supreme exponents of the Renaissance." "The Elizabethan drama. . . with Shakespeare for the master of all ages, left a monument of the Renaissance unrivalled for pure creative power by any other product of that epoch." Does our greatest poet, then, share in the spirit of the impious Rabelais who

Even in death made a mock of those
Who at his death most mourned?

Did he abandon "the whole method and spirit" of mediævalism? Is his "pure creative power" due to the influence of Humanism? Mr. Lilly separates him from the society in which Mr. Symonds places him, quoting Heine's observation that it was a piece of right good fortune that Shakespeare came at the right time, while the popular belief of the middle ages, though destroyed in principle, still lived in all its enchantment in the hearts of men and upheld itself in their manners, customs, and institutions. Milton, too, is "the greatest humanistic poet of the English

race," to Mr. Symonds' mind. Now the workings of Milton's mind can be traced throughout his poems, but while the effects of the Renaissance are visible in the earlier, they are seen to gradually disappear in the later poems, as he becomes more and more Puritan: and was Puritanism humanistic?

In their respective criticisms on art, the two writers are again at issue. "The art of the Renaissance was an apocalypse of the beauty of the world and man in unaffected spontaneity, without side thoughts for piety or erudition, inspired by pure delight in loveliness and harmony for their own sakes." So Mr. Symonds. And he would number Raphael and Michael Angelo among its votaries: and elsewhere he names the latter the "Prophet of the Renaissance." Yet servitude, according to Mr. Lilly, was the characteristic note of the Renaissance art and Michael Angelo was no mere copyist but a creator, and this because his work had more than "side-thoughts" for piety, because it was not "contemptuous of mediæval mysticism" but its noblest representative.

As to philosophy and science, of course humanists had nothing but "scorn for mediæval dulness and obscurity, and swept away theological metaphysics as valueless." They took to Platonism and bewildered themselves with it: yet "progress was being made," thinks Mr. Symonds, "towards sounder methods of analysis." The same writer, in spite of daily increasing evidence to the contrary, again brings forward Lord Bacon as the "expositor of modern scientific method," another product of the Renaissance. The undeserved reputation of the Chancellor as a scientist is discussed by Mr. Lilly, who vindicates for the Chancellor's namesake, Roger Bacon, his fame as a worker and inventor in the true scientific method. The latter opinion is that of modern science. Jevons, in his *Principles of Science*, speaking of Lord Bacon, says: "The value of this [the Baconian] method might be estimated historically by the fact that it has not been followed by any of the great masters of science. Whether we look to Galileo who preceded Bacon, to Gilbert his contemporary, or to Newton and Descartes his successors, we find that discovery was achieved by the exactly opposite method to that advocated by Bacon. . . . Throughout the eighteenth century science was supposed to be advancing by the pursuance of the Baconian method, but in reality hypothetical investigation was the main instrument of progress. It is only in the present century that physicists began to recognize this truth."

It is not necessary for the present purpose to further develop the contrast, by entering upon the theories of the two writers with regard to the connection between the Renaissance and the Reformation, and with regard to the effects of the Reformation. As to the origin of the latter movement in Germany, the two are of one mind about one fact, namely that there, at least, it was in part a reaction against Humanism: they are at variance, of course, on the character of the principles contended for both in that revolt and in the Counter-Reformation. Tracing the Renaissance through the eighteenth century to its issue in 1789, its last phase, Mr. Lilly vividly describes its pernicious effects, while he places with impartial hand the mark of condemnation and disgrace alike on Catholic potentates and Catholic prelates, false to their duty, as on the haters of the Church. Absolutism, which Mr. Symonds seems to imagine to be the political ideal of opponents of Renaissance ideas, is exhibited by the Catholic historian as the necessary outcome of those ideas, when once the controlling hand of the Church was fettered:¹ while, in the moral order, atheism, animalism, and materialism are set down as the logical and the actual result of the paganism of the Renaissance.

Here then we have two very opposite views on a historical movement, vast in its workings and results, and of the highest importance as affecting the European world in that which is its deepest interest, its religion. The one view makes of it a progress, the other a retrogression: the one a march along the right track, the other an aberration from it: the one an advance upwards beyond the region of mist and cloud to light, the other a plunge into darkness: the one a restoration to freedom and a triumph over despotism, the other a falling back into servitude and thralldom: the one a recovery of liberty, the other an outburst of licentiousness: the one a re-birth, the other a death. The two judgments are irreconcilable, because they are based upon principles wholly irreconcilable. These principles are, on the one hand, the principles of true Christianity: on the

¹ The suppressed followers of Ignatius Loyola, the Catholic saint whom Mr. Symonds ambiguously styles "the last phenomenon of the Spanish Renaissance," are pointed to not as the militia of monarchical absolutism, but, by their very constitution, as its opponents. A curious testimony to this fact is given by Mr. Lilly in an extract from no other than George Sand: "L'institut des Jésuites renfermait implicitement ou explicitement dans le principe une doctrine de progrès de et liberté. . . . On ne peut nier que cette secte n'ait fait faire de grand pas à l'esprit humain et qu'elle n'ait beaucoup souffert, au siècle dernier, pour le principe de la liberté intellectuelle et morale."

other use of the greatest opponent of Christianity, worldliness, an atheistic spirit, of which the highest standard of morality is intellectual culture. "To the pure worshippers of beauty," says a clever writer,² "to the naturally refined pagan, conscience and the religion of conscience are not merely intruders, but barbarous intruders." And this is a spirit that is growing stronger, now that the weak foundations of Anglicanism are giving way. The Protestant historical standpoint is daily becoming more insecure: sooner or later all history will be viewed from the standpoint of one or other of these two historians of the Renaissance.

F. X. C.

² Walter Bagehot, *Literary Studies*, Sterne.

The Triumph of Christianity.

I.

IN the days when the glory of Greece
Was upheld by men no more,
Whom tallness and strength of hands had made to be lords of lands—
Such men as sailed for the Fleece
Or stood and slaughtered the boar :

2.

When the kingship of terrible beauty
And courage and counsel sage
Was won by the demagogue's smirk and the truckle of lie and quirk,
And the love of the day's long duty
Was sunk in the lust for wage :

3.

Then past from Hellas her glory
As passes from Pelion's head
The sunset's crown of gold, and the eyes of its gods waxed old
And the hair of the bright heads hoary,
For they knew their day was sped.

4.

For the star was uplit in the east
Whose light shone down from the skies
On the new-born child God's face, who lay in a lonely place,
Whose garb was the breath of the beast
And His incense of sacrifice.

5.

And the voices of spirit-things
Made clamorous Earth and Air
With the cry they upraised at His birth of "Peace to men upon Earth!"
And the cry went up on their wings
To the sky and the dwellers there.

6.

So that Ares, the breaker of brands
And Herê, the shaker of spears,
Were stricken through all their mail and their brows waxed deathly pale,
And the sword past out of their hands
And the life past out of their years.

7.

But the Babe's all wondering eyes
Took childhood's thoughtful face
And He wandered the ways along, and His voice was music-strong
To speak with grave men and wise
Of the new-born truths of grace.

8.

But Pallas, cold as the streams,
The far-eyed wooer of thought,
Past from her golden house with trouble on her calm brows,
Along with all time-shattered dreams
That fled at the new truths taught.

9.

And Hermes, whose shining feet
Were shod with swiftness of wings
To be Heaven's messenger, was stricken along with her,
And his lips made dumb, speech-sweet
Persuaders to evil things.

10.

But the man-grown Christ went forth
From this home through Galilee,
And His face in fallow and field was blessing on all they yield,
And He broke the might of its wrath
When He set His foot on the sea.

11.

So that he who shaketh the shore,
The blue-haired trident God,
And she the mother of corn, who gave and who made forlorn,
Had power of their hands no more
For want and the three-lashed rod.

12.

But fear was gone from the wave,
And famine from all the plain,
When He gleaned the unploughed deep and the sowing of earth did reap
And multiplied harvests gave
For the eating of such as were fain.

13.

And He cleansed the leper and lit
A light in eyes that were dim,
And brought sweet sound into ears, and to lips He gave praise of the years
Where silence aforetime did sit,
And straightened the crookèd of limb.

14.

And He stopped Death's sumpters and ships
And entered the houses of Death,
That bore and buried away men robbed of the light of day,
And laid His lips on their lips
And gave them breath of His breath.

15.

But Apollo the shaft-sender,
The cloud-girt wrecker of woe,
As he strode the arc of the skies and lightened forth from his eyes
Was stricken while bound he there
A death on his half-strung bow.

16.

Who past from the filling of Earth
With dead for the feeding of Death,
Nor longer after him stayed the slayer of mother and maid,
But, owning the new God's worth,
Lost, as she found with him, breath.

17.

But the father and ruler of gods
Abode in his palaces still
And glazed with haggard eyes through the empty homes of the skies,
Having no power in his rods
Nor any hope of his will.

The Triumph of Christianity.

18.

And the pitiless, black-browed king
And the queen of the heedless dead
Had left their horrors and thralls and stood in the azure halls
And watched what the days would bring,
Though hope of the days was dead.

19.

But to judgment the Man-Christ meek
Men upon earth did bring,
And scourged Him with countless whips and smote Him upon the lips
And spat their scorn on His cheek
And mocked Him, a thorn-crowned King.

20.

Then the watchers' wild eyes glared
With a lurid, hopeful hate,
As the pale God passed along 'mid a flushed and shouting throng
To the place and the doom prepared,
Bearing His own death's weight.

21.

And they stripped Him unto His shame
And bared Him unto their scorn,
And nailed Him high on a tree for all the world to see
And wrote His name for blame
Above Him and where He was born.

22.

But the billows stirred on the deep,
Earth gaped as if 'twould ope,
And the sheeted, shuddering ghosts turned in their graves in hosts,
Roused from unheedful sleep
To a wondering, waking hope.

23.

And darker still grew Heaven
While the lurid bale-fires leapt
From the gazing god-king's eye as he watched the New God die,
And his deep laugh shook the levin
That dissolved in tears and wept.

24.

Till from forth the shuddering mouth
Of the tortured Christ there sprang
The long cry on which death drove out the last, loath breath—
And the world from North to South
With the roar of ruin rang.

25.

For the king of the gods upstood
With his feet upon either pole
Shaking the seas and lands, and the bolts launched forth from his hands
Tore firetracks red as blood,
For the path of his thunder's roll.

26.

Till the dead God's death-shriek died
In silence that slew all sound ;
The last bolt lit up the black of Heaven, but on its track
No thunder followed, and sighed
The worlds in a still profound.

27.

And so at the noon's third hour
The rulers of men that live
And they that governed the dead, the givers and takers dread,
Passed from the place of their power
Gained what things they did give.

28.

And the twelve fair halls of gold
Floor-trodden by false gods' feet,
Moved and melted away like mists at the burning of day,
And the cloud-gates backward rolled
Where the hopeless hands did beat.

29.

Yea, so were the old gods broken,
Whose life was in blood and breath,
By Him, who lived but to die that so we might live for aye,
Raising the Cross as a token
Of the soul that conquers death.

ARTHUR AUSTIN-JACKSON.

Impressions of Mexico.

IN these days of rapid travelling and of "Cook's tickets," it seems almost presumptuous to suppose that one can say anything new or interesting about any country, however distant, or as we might think, little known; but as some may take an interest in our wanderings, and as our stay in Mexico has been a source of the greatest pleasure to us, I cannot help endeavouring to record our impressions of that most delightful country. And I have another special reason for wishing to do this. Mexico is above all others a Catholic country, and while so many books have been written about her people and history, from Prescott's fascinating pages, down to the countless "experiences" of modern travellers, how few, if any, of these writers have been able to understand or sympathize with this, the chief characteristic of the nation!

To "begin at the beginning" as the children say, we reached Vera Cruz on the 20th of December, and I doubt if Cortes and his gallant comrades greeted the shores of Mexico with much greater enthusiasm than we did. After our long sea passage we eagerly looked forward to the moment of landing, and anxiously watched the weather, for in these seas the "Norther" gales, as they are termed, arise so suddenly, that it is difficult to say from one hour to another what the weather will be, and should one of those dreaded gales blow, it is almost impossible to enter the inhospitable harbour of Vera Cruz, protected as it is by shoals and reefs, where the ghastly wrecks of many gallant ships bear a melancholy testimony to the dangers of the shore.

We were fortunate, however, in our weather and in our captain, and found ourselves safely anchored in harbour in sight of the domes and towers of the pretty little town, with its grand Spanish name. We were greeted by torrents of tropical rain, and though the weather cleared before we landed, enough damp remained in the air to increase the feeling of oppression which seems to hang over Vera Cruz. Perhaps it is the knowledge

that the deadly "Vomito" is never entirely absent from the town, even in winter, or possibly it is the presence of flocks of huge black buzzards, which the condition of the streets renders only too suggestive, or again, it may be merely the effect of the oppressive heat of that climate; but in any case a prolonged stay at Vera Cruz is not to be desired, and I was relieved to think the next morning would see us *en route* for Mexico city. Meanwhile it was very pleasant to spend Sunday once more in a Christian manner. On entering the Cathedral, we found Exposition going on, a privilege which was often to be ours in this beautifully Catholic country. The Cathedral itself is not in any way remarkable, except that the dome is composed of the prettily-coloured marble of the country. In the course of the day J—— made a little tour of the town in that unromantic but useful conveyance so much used in Mexico, the tram-car, and in the evening we sat out in the shady little Plaza, watching the beauty and fashion of Vera Cruz and enjoying the cooler air.

Our start next morning was to be a very early one, and the journey before us was long, and to the timid imagination fraught with some dangers. Three distinct perils might indeed have to be encountered, though in our case they proved to be entirely imaginary ones. The dangerous ascent of the train up the mountain line which connects the plains of the "Tierra Caliente" with the table-land above, had been described in thrilling terms, nor, when the top was reached, were our minds to be at rest. On the plains above a new danger might beset us, and this from a curious cause. Herds of sheep and cattle occasionally stray on to the line, and in spite of the large "cow-catcher" attached to the engine, have been known to upset the train. A few days before our journey, indeed, the train had run into a large herd of cattle, and twenty-seven animals had been killed. The third and last danger, a very improbable one, and chiefly brought to mind by the precautions taken against it, lay in possible brigands. To allay the fears of the passengers a military escort travels with every train; and a very dull and dusty time the poor soldiers must have.

With our minds prepared for the perils, therefore, as well as for the pleasures of the route, we reached the station on Monday morning, and after a slightly anxious glance at the enormous double-funnelled engine, which was to take us up the mountains, entered the long "car" with some thoughts of regret, may be, for our comfortable English railway carriages, and that truly

British luxury of being "all to ourselves." In the course of the day, however, the extreme courtesy of our fellow-travellers, although utter strangers to us, was a reproach to our selfish fears.

The rosy glow of early sunrise lit up the white walls of Vera Cruz, as we steamed out of the station, and it was difficult to realize that the light warm air belonged to a December morning, and that at home everything would still be wrapped in darkness. For the first two or three hours, our road lay across the flat sandy plain which stretches between the sea and the chain of mountains formed by the eastern range of the Cordilleras. There is here little to interest the traveller, and crossing an occasional skeleton iron bridge, or the sight of cows grazing in inconvenient proximity to the line, are the only incidents which can afford any excitement. Soon, however, the scene changes, the line begins gradually to ascend, and winds its way through a perfect fairy-land of shrubs and flowers. We are approaching the beautiful "Tierra Templada," where the fruit and flowers succeed each other in unbroken beauty throughout the year, and the air, while still deliciously warm and balmy, no longer conceals in its breath those insidious germs of disease so justly dreaded by the stranger visiting the plains below. Bananas, sugar-cane, cotton trees, vanilla plants, tobacco, and coffee, all testify to the richness of the soil, and offer the necessities and luxuries of life to the happy inhabitants; while scarlet creepers, pink convolvulus, and other flowers, add to the beauty of this tropical vegetation. At the little station of Cordova, famous for its fruits, we invested in two pine-apples for the modest sum of threepence each, and our kind Mexican fellow-travellers insisted on supplying us with oranges and other fruit, very refreshing during the hot dusty journey. As we ascended higher, the scenery became wilder, and the tropical plants gave place to pines and other more northern trees, while the chilliness of the air showed that we were now in the third grade of temperature—the dreary "Tierra frio." The line is very beautiful, and is a triumph of engineering. The way in which we crossed slender iron bridges in mid-air, as it were, over dizzy heights, and scaled precipices, looking down thousands of feet without any parapet to convey a sense of protection, was alarming, but fear was lost in the beauty and interest of the views.

As we thus in nineteenth century fashion steamed up the mountains, we caught glimpses of the old diligence route, used in

the times when the journey took days instead of hours, and when the chance of meeting brigands was a very real peril. Perhaps, also, to take our thoughts back three hundred years, we were looking upon the same line of route up which Cortes and his gallant little army toiled on that wonderful march to Mexico. So with thoughts and eyes well employed, the time passed quickly, and we found ourselves in the plains above with, however, hours of weary travelling still before us e'er we could reach the capital. From this point we had been told we might "go to sleep;" there would be nothing worth seeing, and so it proved. The heat and the dust were great, and the scenery flat and uninteresting, till the moon rose, and touching the desolate land with her silver beams, cast enchantment over the scene. I will not deny that as night came on, and the poetry of the surroundings influenced my thoughts, visions of possible robbers, and tales of Mexican lawlessness, occasionally crossed my mind, and the presence of the military escort, hitherto a matter of indifference, had a cheering effect. No adventures, however, befel us, and at 8 p.m. we reached our journey's end, and were soon jolting over the indescribably rough pavements of Mexico City. We had heard much of the beauty of the capital and its surroundings, and truly she is a fair and stately city, and can hold her own with the most beautiful capitals of the world. The Aztec people were wise in the site they selected for their city; and although the lake upon which the ancient capital was built has now receded and has left a bare salt-encrusted plain, to replace in great part its blue waters, the great canal which still remains and the distant Lake of Tezcuco lends much of its former character to the modern city. Mexico is essentially a hill-girt city, for the chain of mountains forms a natural barrier on all sides, while high above the other hills the two great snow-capped mountains, Popocatepelt and Itzaccihualt, stand like giant guardians of the valley. The wide streets and shady gardens of the city itself remind one of a town in northern Italy; and as in Italy, so also here, the domes of the three hundred churches testify to the faith of the inhabitants. One of our first visits was of course to the Cathedral. The great square, or Plaza Major, in which it stands, is a spot full of the deepest historic interest: it is here that Montezuma's Palace, and that of his father, lent by him to Cortes and his followers, stood, in their rude elegance, at the time of the siege; and here terrible in its significance of cruel paganism stood the enormous Toecalli or

chief temple ; but it was fitting that reparation should be made on the very site of so much wickedness, and Cortes can have enjoyed no purer triumph than that he must have experienced when he laid the stone of the first Christian church in Mexico, on part of the ground before occupied by the temple. This richly-ornamented church stands next to the Cathedral, and in fact now forms a part of the same building, and both churches have probably for their foundation some of the original stones of the pagan temple. Until lately the very curious ancient Calendar Stone of the Aztec people was let into the wall of the Cathedral, but this is now removed to the Museum, where it lies near other more terrible remains, such as the huge richly-carved Sacrificial Stone, and the mutilated statue of the goddess of death, which we may imagine stood near it, and of which the sight even now conjures up pictures of horror, not, we fear, surpassing the dread reality. No passage in the history of the siege of Mexico gives one a greater thrill of horror than the description of the feeling experienced by the Spaniards, when, encamped close to the town, they discerned their own Christian countrymen being led in triumph up the steep incline of the temple, to be sacrificed to the diabolical worship of their enemies. I do not feel capable of describing the Cathedral, or indeed any of the churches, in learned terms ; the architecture of the Cathedral is Doric, I am told, and does not realize my own idea of perfect beauty. But it is a very grand and stately building, and a worthy "mother church," where many are beautiful. The church of St. Dominic and the "Profesa church" are also fine, and I was fond of the small church of St. Brigid, formerly a convent chapel, and also of another of the same kind, dedicated to St. Bernard.

These two last-named churches had one, and that a temporal advantage, which I could not help appreciating. They possess benches, and this was a great comfort, for it is difficult to acquire the habit of gracefully sitting on the floor, which is second nature to the Mexican women, and as a rule there are but a few high wooden benches in the churches "for the old and infirm." In point of taste, one cannot admire the ornaments of Mexican churches. There are so many, and such ugly pictures and statues ; but to the eyes of faith it is simply delightful, for they all represent the countless special devotions of the people, and all day long you find men and women (for the Mexican men are not ashamed of their religion) coming in and out of the

churches, making their visit to our Lord, or kneeling before some special crucifix or picture of our Lady. The Indians are most devout and simple in their devotions, and it was nice to kneel beside them in church, and to feel that if they are a conquered and in some ways an oppressed nation, here at least they are at home, and that the conquest, if it took away many temporal benefits, brought them in exchange the priceless gift of the true faith.

The subject of the Indians brings me naturally to think of the beautiful sanctuary of Guadalupe and its history. This church stands a little way outside the town, and it and the little chapel above commemorate our Lady's apparition to the good Indian Juan Diego in 1531. Our Lady of Guadalupe is deeply loved and honoured by all Mexico, but by none more than the Indians. They think she belongs to them in a particular way, and is specially their Mother, and on her feast on the 12th of December, they assemble at her shrine in vast pilgrimages from all parts of the country to keep the day in her honour. On the 12th of each month High Mass is sung in the church, and in every house, I should say, the picture of our Lady under this title is to be found. We were ourselves witnesses to the simple and touching devotion of some poor Indians at Guadalupe. We happened to be there one evening at six o'clock, and were waiting for our "tram" to return to the city. The church closes at this hour, so we were sitting outside, and presently up came a group of Indians. Being disappointed of getting into the church they knelt before the closed door and sang their Litanies there. The Indian music is very pathetic, and the scene was very striking. There were until lately little chapels (in honour, I believe, of the fifteen Mysteries of the Rosary), on the road from Mexico to the sanctuary, but when the railway was made, some of these were removed, and I am told that the Indians were so grieved, that some of them washed with their tears the places where the chapels had stood, in order to efface the insult to religion.

If the devotion of the people to our Lady is so intense, what is it not to our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament! There is Exposition in one of the churches of the city, and generally in some church in the suburbs, every day all the year round, and very often during Mass in other churches as well. There is a very beautiful custom too, by which our Lord is provided with constant adorers. Two large candles stand on each side of the

door of the Communion rail, and any one can take their turn, in kneeling by them and remaining as long as they like in prayer, thus close to the altar. In Mexico they use that beautiful Spanish title *Su Majestad* for our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. I was told no good Catholic would use a new carriage until it had been honoured by being used to take the Blessed Sacrament to the sick. The men edified us by taking off their hats as they pass outside the churches, even the cab-drivers, as I had occasion to notice.

Our readers will agree with us that all these evidences of the piety of the Mexicans are very beautiful and consoling in these days of cold faith and human respect. But, alas! there is the *revers de la médaille* here as elsewhere. Although the people are so Catholic, the Governments have been the very reverse, and Mexico has vied with other countries in her insults to religion. We were told that though everything in the churches struck us so much, yet things are very unlike what they used to be, church property has been seized, and all convents and monasteries have been suppressed, the grand monastic buildings either pulled down, or turned to secular purposes. The Jesuit Fathers no longer have their church, but two or three Jesuits remain in the city, occupied with different good works. There is also a fine convent of the *Sacré Cœur*, but the nuns are not "supposed" to be there. It is called a school merely. I believe there are other nuns and religious, but all as it were incognito, except perhaps the Dominicans, for I saw one of these Fathers hearing confessions in his habit. One cannot help regretting the non-success of the Empire. Mexico can never be a great country under the present form of government, and as for liberty, it does not exist at all, and the Czar of Russia (before the days of nihilism) was not more autocratic than a modern President of Mexico can be if he chooses. We were brought constantly in contact with the thought of poor Maximilian and the Empress. Their smallest possessions are carefully preserved and their memory cherished by many. The ex-Imperial chemist showed us quantities of things which had belonged to the Emperor and Empress, of which the most interesting was a picture of the Crucifixion which used to hang by Maximilian's bed. J— also visited Queretaro and saw the place of the Emperor's imprisonment, also the spot of his execution, and likewise saw the good old servant who carried the body away afterwards. But among these reminiscences of

the fallen Empire none were so interesting as our friendship with the old Princess Yturbide, who forms in herself a living link with so much of the past. Daughter of the Emperor Yturbide, who, like Maximilian, was shot by the Mexicans, she has witnessed all the changes of the last sixty or seventy years, and was particularly connected with the days of the second Empire. The Emperor had named the Princess's little nephew as his heir, and she herself lived with the Imperial Family and is full of interesting anecdotes of Maximilian and those last days before he left the capital never to return. The Princess was only one among the many kind friends and acquaintances who united in making our stay in Mexico as pleasant as possible. One good Cornish family who have made a large fortune in Mexico were especially kind, and Mr. H—— pressed us to accompany him to his country house at a small place called Ixmiquilpan. This little expedition into the interior was very pleasant and gave us a peep of interesting manners and customs. The first part of the journey was by rail, and then we drove the remaining forty miles. The ordinary traveller is conveyed by an ancient diligence which I should say belonged to the days of Don Quixote, so venerable and mediæval was its appearance. We, more fortunate, travelled in a light French carriage, a relic of the days of the Empire, and even then the journey was no joke. There was no road to speak of, and our five mules had hard work to pull us over the faint track discernable among the loose stones which lay about, in such quantities that the stranger might suppose he was traversing the dry bed of a river instead of a mail-road. We ate our lunch at the house of an Indian lady of high degree, the daughter of a cacique. She was most friendly and made the prettiest speeches. Indians and Mexicans excel in this, and put themselves and all their possessions at your feet, so to speak, which if not to be taken *au pied de la lettre*, at least oils the wheels of daily life. At Ixmiquilpan we spent two days and had pleasant glimpses of the simple, sociable life of both Mexicans and Indians. One day we assembled at a little farm belonging to Mr. H——, where a barbacoa had been prepared for us; but perhaps I had better define a barbacoa. It is simply a sheep cut up and left in the ground for almost fourteen hours. The pit is of course first heated, and the meat wrapped in leaves and strewn with herbs or cayenne; but out of consideration for us the cayenne in this case was but mild. The result of this style of cooking is excellent, and we did

justice to the very tender meat. After the repast, some of the natives danced for our benefit, and it was very amusing to watch the extreme solemnity with which they danced the interminable steps of this Indian "minuet," an old Indian playing the accompaniment meanwhile. One of our fellow-guests was a certain Mexican colonel of the Rural Guard, by name Don Agustin. He was quite distressed that we should not see better dancing, so he asked us to a little impromptu dance for that evening, and took much trouble to get it up. We thus had an opportunity of witnessing the Spanish *danza*, which is very pretty and at intervals cakes and *slices of cheese* were handed round, all provided by the excellent Colonel. This little expedition to Ixmiquilpan was the only experience I had of the country life of Mexico. But there was plenty to visit in the city and its immediate neighbourhood, and every place is connected with the history of the Conquest. Thus, we sat in Cortes' great arm chair, gazed at the banner borne in so many hard fought battles (which consists of a very pretty picture of our Lady painted on silk), and visited the tree of the "Noche triste," under which, says tradition, the great General shed tears on the terrible night of the ill-fated retreat from Mexico. It is, indeed, greatly to be regretted that the necessities of the case caused Cortes to destroy the original city and its interesting buildings, and he did so, history tells us, most unwillingly. The result is that no single building can be pointed out as belonging to the pre-conquest era, and only nature herself in places remains the same, for as I mentioned, the ancient lake has shrunk away, and the trees which formerly grew plentifully in the valley have nearly all disappeared. One grove, however, remains, and that of special interest. The Castle of Chapultepee was the Emperor Montezuma's country palace, and though that has long disappeared, and an ugly building, now the Military College, replaces it, the gigantic trees of the garden are the same which witnessed the barbaric splendour of Montezuma's court. These enormous Ceiba trees were old then, and now look like venerable giants, covered with the long grey Mexican moss. I did not see the grove by moonlight, but it is easy to imagine what a weird and beautiful sight it would be. How I wished that these venerable guardians of past grandeurs could tell of the interesting scenes and people they had witnessed! Mediæval customs still linger in Mexico, side by side with the most modern "improvements." For example, the streets, which are lighted by electric light, are

generally watered by the primitive habit of throwing buckets of water, and the Indians with their coarse garments and unkempt hair, walk next to ladies in the latest Paris bonnets. Happily there is very little of the modern bustle and rush in the Mexican nature, and *if* it is trying sometimes to have *everything* differed to "*Mañana*" (to-morrow) it is refreshing to find very little of the modern spirit of "progress," which does such havoc elsewhere. Unfortunately where the Spaniards penetrate, bull fights are sure to become the fashion, but in Mexico they are not much patronized by the refined classes. There is, however, rather a quaint and amusing sport called the *colliadéro*, which we had an opportunity of witnessing. One fine December afternoon we made our way to the place appointed, which lay a little way outside the city, on the banks of the Vega, or great canal. The "*lists*," for so only can I term the enclosure erected for the *colliadéro*, were appropriately situated in the grounds belonging to an ancient ex-Toriedor. This old gentleman is quite a character; many years ago he met with a terrible accident in an encounter with a bull, in consequence of which he was obliged to give up his profession. He has solaced his retirement by forming a collection of curiosities of all kinds, and we spent some time in walking through his house, which is more like a museum than a private dwelling. Then, as the time for the sports approached, we were taken to the enclosure, and were soon installed in what appeared to me somewhat close proximity to the scene of action. However, the bulls who were to be victims to the skill of the Mexican gentlemen were young and playful, and not at all savage. They are let loose one by one to gallop down the narrow course, and as one rushes by a mounted cavalier follows at full speed and endeavours to seize the animal's tail and twist it under his own leg. This unexpected attack causes the bull to fall and roll over on the ground, to the delight of the beholders, and apparently with no ill-effects to the bull, who merely appears rather surprised that such a liberty should be taken with him. Simple as the process sounds, it is not at all easy of execution, but the Mexicans are noted for their horsemanship, and many bulls were thrown. Then came the lassoing, which was a pretty sight, and we admired the dexterity with which the ropes were thrown over any given point; lassoing the tip of one horn, or two hoofs together, seemed equally easy to the performers. I need hardly observe that all the Caballeros were in their gayest attire, and a fully

equipped Mexican and his horse is a gorgeous spectacle. I noticed that one or two of the most successful wore scarves round their arms, though whether they were bestowed by any of the fair ladies present, I was unable to discover. The whole scene was picturesque. Towards the close a guitar band serenaded us in true Mexican style. Bands of all kinds are a great feature of Mexican life, but perhaps the guitar is *par excellence* the national instrument, so we felt that the music was quite in character with the rest of the entertainment, and went home well pleased to have seen a little peep of real Mexican life.

And now I have rambled on in a very disjointed fashion I fear, but if I have been able to interest the reader a little in Mexico and her future, I shall be content, and I will only ask him to pray that her people may not slacken in their faith, but may have the courage to retain its fervent practice under the chilling rule of so-called Liberal Governments.

M. M. MAXWELL SCOTT.

*Catholic Missions in 1886.*¹

CARDINAL WISEMAN mentions in one of his lectures, delivered nearly forty years ago, that he had often urged the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda to publish some official record of the progress of Catholic missions throughout the world. He adds that his suggestion was always met by the reply that the Congregation was quite content to know from the reports it received that the work was really done, and did not wish to undertake the publication of their contents in addition to all the official tasks it already had to perform. Since that time, mainly through the active zeal of the Society of the Propagation of the Faith, much has been done in the way of securing the regular and systematic publication of news from the missions; we have now Catholic missionary periodicals in all the great languages of Europe, and it is found by experience that these publications are of the greatest benefit to the missions, and secure for them ever-increasing help in prayers, alms, and personal co-operation. But so far we have had nothing like a report on the missions bearing the official stamp of the great Congregation which presides over and directs them in their wide-spread labours throughout the world. This deficiency has now been supplied. The Congregation of Propaganda has lately published under the title of *Missiones Catholice* a catalogue of the Catholic missions of the Latin rite, with a brief history of each of them, some indications of the work they are doing, and the various establishments they possess, and statistics that show their actual position. The publication is to be an annual one. The Preface to this first volume, after saying that the publication has been undertaken "in order that all may have some account of what is being done throughout the world to spread the true faith of Christ, and that there may

¹ *Missiones Catholice Ritus Latini cura S. Congregationis de Propaganda Fide descripte in annum MDCCCLXXXVI.* Romæ, Ex Typographia Polyglotta S. C. de Propaganda Fide, 1886.

be among those who bear the name of Catholics, an increase of zeal for enlarging, according to their abilities, the bounds of Christendom," presents the volume to the reader, not as a complete work, but as an earnest of better things to come, a first attempt to collect in one handy volume, details of all the missions. Future reports, it promises, shall be fuller and more detailed, and at an early date the missions of the Oriental rites will be included. Meanwhile, all who are interested in the missions will be glad that this first step has been taken, and that the volume now published, although it leaves us without information on many points of importance, still gives us facts enough about the missions to serve as earnest of the good things promised in future years.

The book is drawn up in Latin, but by a wise concession, names of places and countries are given in the vernacular as well as the Latin form, wherever there is any considerable difference between them, or the names are at all unfamiliar. The book opens with a list of the members of the Congregation of Propaganda, and its various officials. Then comes a similar list of the Sacred Congregation *de Propaganda Fide* for the affairs of the Oriental rites, established by Pius the Ninth in 1862. After these lists, several pages are devoted to a short account of the numerous colleges established for the purpose of supplying priests to the missions. Many of these are of very recent foundation, indeed the number that have been established during the last twenty or thirty years, affords good evidence of the rapid development of missionary zeal in the Catholic world in our own time. This section ends with a note that reminds us that there are losses as well as gains. "Many other colleges of regulars have been suppressed by the Subalpine Government," is all that it says. But who can help thinking as he reads these few words, of the far reaching evil wrought by the Revolutionary Government of Italy? These colleges suppressed in Europe, imply missions crippled in the far East for want of workers, and thousands of poor heathens left in their darkness and misery, to satisfy the greed of some plundering official in Europe.

After this introductory matter we come to the information about the missions themselves which forms the proper subject of the book. Of some four hundred small octavo pages, one hundred and twenty are devoted to Asia, fifty to Africa, one hundred to Europe, as many to America, and twenty-five to Oceania. About a page is given to each bishopric, vicariate, or

prefecture. First we have the official title of the mission or episcopal see, then the name of the religious order or congregation which supplies it with apostolic labourers. After this, in a series of short paragraphs, we have a few notes in the origin of the mission, an account of the boundaries and extent of its territory, the name of the language spoken in the country, some indication of its climate, statistics of the population, number of Catholics, number of priests, catechists, seminarians, and religious establishments, and the name, title, and residence of the superior of the mission, generally a Vicar-Apostolic. The statistics of population, &c., are also given in a tabular form for various groups of missions. If we may venture to suggest additional matter for future issues of this interesting annual, we would like to see some statistics of the actual progress effected within the year; for instance, statistics (such as those which are given in the admirable reports of the Paris Seminary of Foreign Missions) of baptisms, distinguishing those of adults and children, and again those of children of Christians and those of pagan children baptized *in articulo mortis*. It is encouraging to see not only what is the actual state of the missions, but what is the rate of progress; in this last point (which is a capital one) the volume before us gives no information. The paragraphs on climate and language might also be made with advantage somewhat more definite. A few facts as to summer and winter temperature and rainfall would convey a clearer idea than the adjectives at present employed, and in the matter of the languages spoken, the nomenclature might perhaps be made more definite and accurate.

As the annual includes all the sees, vicariates, and prefectures of the Latin rite which are under the direction of Propaganda, we find in the report a considerable space devoted to information about countries which cannot be included in the region of foreign missions, in the ordinary sense of missions to the heathen and Mohammedan. Thus page after page is filled with facts about the dioceses of Ireland, England, Scotland, Holland, Switzerland, part of Germany, British America, the United States, Australia, and New Zealand. We shall omit in our present review any survey of these portions of the work before us, and be content to extract from its pages some information as to the actual state of Catholic missions to the heathen and Mohammedan races of Asia, Africa, and the island world of the Pacific.

Asia is now the great field of the missionary activity of the Catholic Church, and in Asia, India, China, and the adjacent countries. These are the lands which contain the most numerous populations that are still outside the bounds of Christendom. China with its 400 millions, India with its 250 millions of men and women, are still practically heathen lands, and their united populations are nearly half the population of the whole world. It is precisely in these strongholds of heathenism, and among these teeming populations of the far East, that the organization of the Catholic missions is now most fully developed, the apostolic labourers in the Master's vineyard most numerous, and their efforts the most fruitful in results. The Catholic missions now extend throughout the length and breadth of the Chinese Empire. Up to and beyond the Great Wall every province is ruled by one or more bishops, bearing the title of Vicar-Apostolic. Each vicariate has its European missionaries and its native priests, its churches and convents, schools and orphanages, and finally (with few exceptions) its seminary, devoted to the formation of an efficient native clergy. How assured is the position of the Catholic Church in China is shown by the way in which it passed through the crisis of the late war. The massacres in Tonkin have made such an impression on the minds of Catholics in Europe, that very few realize the fact that except for the expulsion of the missionaries from Canton by the Viceroy, and a few local riots, the period of the French war was one of peace and progress for Catholicity in China. Churches, schools, and colleges remained open, the Government accepted the assurances of the missionaries as to the loyalty of themselves and their people to the Imperial Government, and perhaps for the first time in history, not a few brave native Christians willingly took their places among the defenders of China, and died fighting under her dragon banners. Now we have a further recognition of Catholic progress in China in the negotiations between the Holy See and the Government at Peking, for the establishment of direct relations between the two powers in all that relates to the protection and promotion of Catholic interests in China.

From the table given at page 36 of the *Missiones Catholicae*, it appears that there are now in China twenty-eight vicariates, without including the vicariates of Annam, Thibet, Corea, and other outlying dependencies of the Chinese Empire. The number of Catholics is stated at 483,403. There are 2,429

churches and chapels, 471 European and 281 Chinese priests, 1,779 schools with 25,219 scholars, and 33 seminaries with 654 students. This last figure is the most encouraging of all, as it promises a rapid increase of the native priesthood within a few years. Of all the missions the greatest number of Christians is to be found in Kiang-nan, which reports 101,206 Catholics. The smallest number is in the recently-founded mission of Northern Hu-nan, which has one hundred Christians, four priests, and a school with ten pupils. Probably the actual numbers of the Christians of China are even higher than this table would at first sight lead one to believe. A comparison of its figures with some of those already published, leads us to believe that some of the statistics refer to a period of two or three years ago, and do not fully represent the present state of affairs. The value of the statistics would be much increased if in future issues of the *Missiones Catholicae* the precise date of the reports that have been used by the editors were added to the figures for each mission. The general date, 1886, on the title-page is too vague. It represents the date of the compilation and not that of the returns.

It is often said that we have a million Catholics in China. This is only true of the Chinese Empire taken as a whole, and in the widest sense in which the term can be employed, so as to include even Annam and Tonkin, if these can still be regarded as tributary to China. In all the Chinese border states there are missions, most of which have a long history of suffering and martyrdom, possessing in this very fact the pledge of a prosperous future. Corea, after nearly a century of persecution, in which thousands of the faithful died for their religion, is now enjoying the first years of peace. The Vicar-Apostolic, Mgr. Blanc, of the Missions Étrangères, has eighteen missionaries to assist him, a larger number than have been at work at any previous time in Corea, and he reports the number of the Catholics at 13,623. Unfortunately, one result of the concession of toleration by the Corean Government has been the arrival of a number of Protestant missionaries, gentlemen who kept far away from the shores of Corea while the Catholic bishops, priests, and people were going to torture and death, but who have now come in the safe days of peace to sow tares in this fruitful Eastern field.

The missions of Manchuria and Mongolia, to the north of China, but occupying territories chiefly under Chinese rule,

appear to owe their origin directly to the persecutions in China some fifty years ago. Many native Christians and a few priests fled from Peking and the northern provinces to escape imprisonment and death, and gathering together beyond the Great Wall, in the far-off provinces where pursuit would be slacker, and where the edicts were practically not in force, they formed the first centres of the future missions. Manchuria has now two bishops, 26 European and four native priests, 12,530 Christians, two seminaries with 40 students, besides convents of European and native nuns, orphanages, schools, dispensaries, model farms, and other educational and benevolent institutions. Here in the depths of North-Eastern Asia, the Catholic missionaries can do their work unmolested by the sects. As yet in Asia these last are content to establish themselves in more accessible and agreeable situations. The mission of Manchuria belongs to the Paris Seminary of Foreign Missions, that of Mongolia has been assigned to the Belgian Congregation of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, a society established to provide missionaries for the Chinese Empire. It was divided in December, 1883, into the three Vicariates of Eastern, Central, and South-Western Mongolia. Their statistics, as gathered from the *Missiones Catholicæ*, are as follows:

MONGOLIA.

	E.	Central.	S.W.	Total.
Catholics	5,500	8,861	5,500	19,861
Churches and Chapels...	21	41	30	92
European priests ...	7	14	No return.	
Native priests	5	3	"	

Central Mongolia possesses a seminary with forty-five students; the division of the country into separate vicariates is so recent that this establishment probably serves for all three districts.

The mission of Thibet, on the eastern border of China, includes, besides the vast country commonly so-called, certain districts inhabited by Thibetans, but annexed for administrative purposes to the Chinese provinces of Sze-chuen and Yun-nan. It is in these border districts that Mgr. Chauvean and his thirteen missionaries have established themselves. Here they are forming what we may call a base of operations for work in Thibet proper. There are six mission stations, with 991 Christians. Though for the most part living outside the

boundary of the Thibet of our maps, these Christians are Thibetan in race and language, and doubtless before long either the local rulers of Thibet will tolerate the presence of European missionaries in their territory, or it will be possible by means of native priests and catechists, trained at the existing mission stations on the frontier, to carry the light of faith into this mountain stronghold of Buddhism.

The Church of Japan, which until very lately was supposed to have perished utterly in the persecutions of the seventeenth century, is now rejoicing in its second spring. There are two vicariates, the Northern, with its Bishop residing at the capital Tokio, and the Southern, with its centre at Nangasaki, the Japanese city of martyrs, and the scene of the re-discovery of the Japanese Christians some twenty years ago. Northern Japan has 5,574 Catholics, Southern Japan 24,656, making in all some 30,000 for the entire Empire, which has about thirty-four millions of inhabitants. In Northern Japan there are 29 European missionaries, including the Vicar-Apostolic, in Southern Japan 26, besides three Japanese priests, the first-fruits of the Seminary of Nangasaki, which now numbers 60 students. There is another Seminary at Tokio with 19 students, and there are 12 students at the Seminary of the Foreign Missions at Pulo-Penang. Japan is at this moment one of the most promising fields of Catholic missionary work. Unfortunately, false shepherds are contending with the true pastors for the possession of the flock of Christ in Japan. English and American Protestants and Russo-Greek schismatics are preaching their rival gospels, and with them come professors of agnostic infidelity, who tell young Japan that if they want the culture of the West, they must accept with it a message of doubt and despair. Here, as in Corea, toleration of Christianity has brought with it this curse of jarring and contending sects, perplexing and scandalizing the heathen, and robbing the true Church of countless souls.

The Indo-Chinese peninsula contains a number of important missions, some of them in a very flourishing condition, others just beginning to recover from the effects of recent persecution. Tonkin and Cochin-China are divided into eight apostolic vicariates. Three of these belong to the Dominican Fathers, the rest are served by the priests of the Paris Seminary of Foreign Missions. The following statistics of these missions are given by the *Missiones Catholicæ* :

		Catholics.		European missionaries.		Native priests.		Churches and Chapels.
Cochin-China, N.	...	28,193	...	16	...	41	...	91
" " E.	...	41,224	...	28	...	16	...	260
" " W.	...	54,850	...	50	...	37	...	185
Tonkin, N.	...	19,000	...	Not stated.				
" E.	...	36,000	...	12	...	29		
" Central	...	157,000	...	7	...	85	...	546
" S.	...	73,483	...	20	...	58	...	274
" W.	...	155,000	...	43	...	86		

These figures give a total of 564,750 Catholics, out of a population estimated at some twenty-five millions. But these figures represent the state of affairs before the terrible massacres of the late war, in which at least 30,000 Catholics lost their lives. One very satisfactory feature of the missions of Annam and Tonkin is the large proportion of native priests in the eight vicariates. There are in all about 200 European missionaries, and between 300 and 400 native priests, and the seminaries of the various missions have several hundred students.

In Cambodia, a native state of about a million and a half of inhabitants, now under a French protectorate, there is a flourishing mission with 16,000 Christians. In the neighbouring kingdom of Siam there are now some 24,000 Christians, with forty-three European and ten native priests. In Singapore and Malacca there are nearly 11,000 Christians, and among them there are representatives of all the various races that make up the curiously mixed population of the Malay peninsula. One of the most important and interesting establishments of the Eastern missions is situated in this vicariate. On the island of Pulo-Penang stands the great central seminary for the formation of native priests for the various missions worked by the priests of the Paris Seminary. The Seminary was first established about 1666 at Ayuthia, then the capital of Siam. On the destruction of that city in 1767 it was transferred for awhile to Hon-dât in Cambodia. In 1769 it was again transferred to Dirampatnam in the south of India. In the dark years which closed the last century and witnessed the almost complete disorganization of the Eastern missions, the Seminary all but ceased to exist. In 1807 it was re-established at Pulo-Penang, which had been occupied some years before by the English. The island afforded a healthy site for the College, secure from the chances of war, and nearer to the missions of the far East than any

place in India. Its history since 1807 has been one of steady growth and prosperity, and it has given to the Church of Asia hundreds of priests and many martyrs. The course of studies is much the same as that of the Seminaries of Europe. Each mission served by the Fathers of the Paris Seminary has a right to maintain in the College at Pulo-Penang twelve pupils in time of peace, and twenty-four in times of persecution. The number of students is now 125, and amongst them are natives of Japan, Corea, the Chinese provinces of Kwang-tong and Kwang-si, Northern Tonkin, Northern and Eastern Cochin-China, Siam, the Malay peninsula, and Burmah.

The remaining missions of the Indo-Chinese peninsula are the three vicariates of Northern, Eastern, and Southern Burmah, now all included in our Indian Empire. Their statistics stand thus in the tables of the *Missiones Catholice* :

	Catholics.		European missionaries.		Native priests.		Churches and Chapels.
Burmah, N. ...	1,800	...	9	...	3	...	8
„ E. ...	7,014	...	6	...	—	...	89
„ S. ...	16,994	...	23	...	8	...	50

The Vicar-Apostolic of Southern Burmah is Mgr. Bigandet, a man of world-wide reputation as an Oriental scholar, and one of the highest living authorities on Buddhism. In his correspondence he speaks of the conversion of a Burmese Buddhist as almost an impossibility, but fortunately all the people of Burmah are not Buddhists, nor, so far as race goes, are they all Burmese. The Burmese, strictly so called, are simply the race that was dominant in this part of Indo-China when we first opened relations with that country. Hence Europeans call it Burmah, but the bulk of the people belong to other races, Karens, Talaings, Shans, Laos, &c., and besides there is a considerable Chinese and Hindu immigration. It is chiefly among these non-Burmese races that Catholicity has made converts.

India and Ceylon are divided into twenty vicariates, numbering upwards of a million and a quarter of Catholics, and more than a thousand priests. In the North of India the Catholics are a mere handful compared to the great mass of the heathen, but in the south they form a very perceptible element in the population. There are whole villages that are entirely Catholic, and where the Angelus is rung three times a day, and

the feasts of the Church are publicly celebrated, as they are in the Catholic countries of Europe. One sometimes hears Catholics who have been in India speak as if the Indian Catholic missions were a failure, and were making no progress. On inquiry it will generally be found that those who speak in this way have only been in Northern India, and know nothing of the great missions of the south. But even in the north there are in some places evidences of rapid progress, a proof of what might be done elsewhere if more workers and more adequate resources were available. Thus among the Kols and Santhals of late years conversions have numbered several hundreds annually. One great obstacle to the success of the Indian missions has been the ever recurring disputes arising out of the dual jurisdiction of the Portuguese Archbishop of Goa and the Vicars-Apostolic. We may hope that before the year is ended this difficulty will have been removed by the negotiations at present in progress between Portugal and the Holy See. Another difficulty, that of their extreme poverty, will we fear cripple the action of the Indian missions for many years to come. This difficulty is all the more terrible because our missionaries have to work in the same districts as wealthy and well equipped Protestant organizations, some of whose agents do not hesitate to use the powers of the purse in the most unscrupulous way to buy conversions, or secure a hold upon wavering neophytes, and this wretched system leads to a widespread demoralization of the people.

Turning now to the Mohammedan countries of Asia, we find the Lazarist Fathers at work in Persia. As yet the number of Catholics of the Latin rite in this country is very small, not more than 150, mostly however men of influence and good position. Besides these, there are about 7,500 Catholics of the Chaldean rite. As in most Mohammedan countries the Christians of Persia have magistrates of their own, recognized by the Government, whose duty it is to settle disputes in which Christians only are involved.

In the Turkish Empire in Asia there are in the archdiocese of Smyrna 15,000 Catholics of the Latin rite; 3,000 more in the vicariate of Aleppo, about 11,000 in the Patriarchate of Jerusalem, and nearly 50,000 Catholics of the Latin and Oriental rites in the archdiocese of Babylon. It is not possible to give the precise number of Catholics in the Turkish Empire until we have statistics of the various Oriental rites in union with Rome,

but it is evident that they form a very large body. They possess considerable civil privileges; and the efforts of the Catholic missionaries in recent years have led to a steady flow of conversions from the schismatic churches to Catholic unity, in some cases whole villages coming over together with their priests and bishops. The movement towards unity appears to be very widespread in the East, the one great obstacle being the action of Russia, whose interest it is to maintain the schism, and whose onward march has already closed a considerable part of Asia Minor against the Catholic missionaries. Notwithstanding all this, there are some Catholics who speak of Russia's enterprizes against Turkey as if they were a new form of crusade.

In Arabia the only point occupied by a Catholic missionary is Aden, where the Capuchin Fathers attend to the spiritual wants of the garrison, and a few Catholics in the town, but this post is important as forming the base of operations for the important Franciscan missions founded by Cardinal Massaja among the Gallas on the opposite coast of Africa.

The great African continent is now divided into twenty-six missions. Most of these are of very recent date, and many have not yet passed out of the difficult period when the pioneers of the future mission are getting together the first neophytes, and buying experience for their successors at the cost of much personal suffering and self-sacrifice.

The missions of Africa are: On the north, Egypt, Tripoli, Tunis, and Morocco; on the east, Abyssinia, the Gallas country, and Zanzibar; on the south, the Zambesi country, the Orange Free State, Natal, and the two districts of the Cape of Good Hope; in the centre, the missions of the Upper Congo, Lakes Tanganyika and Nyanza, the Soudan, and the Sahara; and on the west, Cimbebasia, the Lower Congo, Benin, the Gold Coast, Dahomey, Gaboon, the Niger, Senegambia, and Sierra Leone. Besides these the Propaganda classes under the general head of African missions those of Madagascar and the adjacent islands of Mauritius and the Seychelles. Including these island missions and Algeria, there are in Africa between six and seven hundred thousand Catholics, white and black, natives and colonists. Some of the new missions, notably those of the west coast and of the great central lakes, have already given results which promise well for the future. That of Madagascar has just passed successfully through a time of exceptional trial,

in which the native Christians have given the highest proofs of their fidelity to the Church. On the other hand, the once promising mission of the Eastern Soudan has been practically annihilated by the Mahdi's rebellion.

In the islands of the Indian archipelago and Oceania, we have first the flourishing missions of the Philippines, which add every year not hundreds but thousands of neophytes to the Church. In this region paganism will have completely disappeared in a few years time. Here fortunately the Catholic missionary has not to contend with the emissaries of the sects, and the harvest is being reaped steadily and rapidly. In Borneo the missionaries of St. Joseph's College, Mill Hill, have made a very successful beginning among the Dyaks and the Chinese immigrants, and in Java there are about 40,000 Catholics under the care of Dutch missionaries secular and regular. In this island the Dutch colonial law makes the work of the missionaries very difficult, by putting endless obstacles in the way of the conversion of a native. In Australia and New Zealand the future is with the white colonists, amongst whom there is a large Catholic element, chiefly of Irish extraction, but efforts are being made to save for the Church what is left of the tribes that once possessed the land. The Benedictines in Western Australia have formed successful centres of mission work among the natives, and the Jesuits are following their example in the north.

In the Caroline Islands the Spanish Government, in execution of its agreement with the Holy See, is organizing missions to the natives. In Fiji there are some 10,000 native Catholics out of a population of 100,000. In the other island groups, we find the Catholics thus distributed: Marquesas islands, 4,000; Navigator's islands, 3,000 (or one in seven of the population); New Caledonia, 19,500 (among 68,500 inhabitants); Central Oceania, 8,345 (among 36,000 natives); Sandwich islands, 22,000; Tahiti, 26,000. Fifty years ago there were probably not a hundred Catholics in all this island region, now the Catholics form in all the groups a considerable element in the native population, while some of the islands are entirely Catholic. The great want of the mission is more priests, a want sorely felt where so much time has to be spent in voyages from island to island. The extensive vicariate of Melanesia and Micronesia, which includes some hundreds of widely scattered islands, is the worst provided of all in this respect. It has yet only six priests.

Besides these missions of Asia, Africa, and Oceania, there are in North and South America a number of missions to the Indians, some of which, as for instance that of the Rocky Mountains, have produced wonderfully successful results. Throughout the great Western Continent, although the chief work of the Church is in the great cities, amongst the races of European or mixed descent, the native races have not been neglected, and missionaries are labouring for them, from the Polar snows, where the Oblates of Mary have stations on the very shores of the Arctic Ocean, down to the cold wastes of Patagonia, where the Salesian Fathers are sharing the miserable life of the natives, and have already effected numerous conversions. Another great work is also being done among the negroes in the United States, and one of their parishes is now served for the first time by a priest of their own race. Efforts, too, are being made to organize missions to the Chinese immigrants in North America and the Hindu coolies in the south. In the west as in the east the Church is making good her title to Catholicity by winning to her one unchanging creed men of every race and colour, and in America the mixed immigration from half the world makes the results of her work all the more striking. Some of the American bishops number in their flocks representatives of all the great continents, Europeans and the descendants of Europeans, negroes and red Indians, and Chinese and Hindus.

The Propaganda Catalogue of the Catholic Missions, on which we have chiefly based our survey of their present condition, being drawn up in Latin, will only be accessible to comparatively few, but we have now besides the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith* and of the *Holy Childhood*, and the little quarterly paper published at Mill Hill, our monthly missionary Catholic periodical, *Catholic Missions*: and articles on the missions appear from time to time in most of our newspapers and reviews. All this shows a growing interest in Catholic mission work amongst us, and through these various channels the facts summed up in the annual issues of the *Missiones Catholice* will find their way to thousands of readers to whom the Latin original would be a sealed volume. The chief value of this new publication will be that it will serve as a manual of reference and a source of information for Catholic writers and preachers in dealing with the subject of the Church's work throughout the world.

A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.

American Manners.

To be told that one's manners are execrable, would be aggravating in the extreme, if it were true. But that good-breeding, which a writer in one of the English magazines recently told us we so sadly lacked, is sufficient guarantee against our choler rising at the accusation. We must confess, however, that there are ill-mannered people amongst us as amongst all other nationalities, just as the surface of all countries is not an ever pleasantly smiling landscape, but sometimes breaks into rough and barren places. But when we are told by foreign critics that our "social conduct is, as a whole, execrable," we may be pardoned if we put in an unequivocal protest against this sweeping criticism. We are willing to acknowledge our faults, and take an impartial admonition with that good grace which belongs to the spirit of good-breeding ; but a wholesale condemnation is not so tolerable that it may be allowed to pass without notice.

After reading the article alluded to on American manners, the reader would be forced to come to the same conclusions which the writer draws, as the only one possible in the absence of fuller information, and if common sense did not clearly hint at the one-sided aspect of his narrative. The experiences which he relates are such as to lead one to the conviction, either that he selected his examples with a view to his conclusion, or that his intercourse with the American people was confined to those classes which, alike in all countries, are the exemplars of its bad manners. Whichever be the true state of the case, neither warrants the deduction, approvingly quoted from Matthew Arnold, that the "social conduct of the people is, as a whole, execrable."

After citing Miss Martineau's testimony to the effect that in her times the courtesy of the American people was all that could be desired, our critic writes : "Whatever sweetness of

temper the Americans may have shown to Miss Martineau fifty years ago, we recommend no one to go to the States nowadays, whether as tourist or as emigrant, expecting to be received with kindly words and courtesies, wherever he may be." We take it that reference is here made to the conduct of the official and serving classes, as the writer immediately afterwards gives instances from these sources in confirmation of what he says. Now the force of this statement will depend much upon what its author considers "kindly words and courtesies." If he mean a servility of demeanour, which follows from an implied ownership on the one part, and the notion of caste servitude on the other, his words are as true as were ever written; for in the United States, that haughty insolence which looks upon a servant as a slave is not tolerated. "All officials will make him (the tourist or emigrant) know that their officialism does not make them into servants, public or private." If by this is meant that American officials will give the tourist or foreigner to understand that they are not in *servitude*, but in *service* to the public, then is it quite true. There is a wide distinction to be drawn here, and our critical friend seems to forget this in his strictures upon American courtesy, and, indeed, this remark may be made applicable to the conduct of foreigners in general, who expect from the lower classes in this country the same obsequiousness to which they are accustomed in their own. This difference is well illustrated in the experience of an American friend of the writer's, visiting an English relative near London. Just before his departure, his host came to his room, and asked him if he had any change about him with which to fee the servants upon leaving, adding by way of apology at his kinsman's expression of astonishment, "This is expected, you know, in England, and so I have brought you the change necessary, in case you haven't it about you." My friend was naturally much taken aback at this revelation as to the condition of English service, and it suddenly flashed across his mind that this explained the extreme servility of the servants towards him during his stay. The expectation of a reward had stimulated them to such a degree as to make them slavish. In America nothing of this sort obtains. In our private households, to see your host's servant would be unpardonable, and this with good reason, for it is tantamount to the tacit assertion that he does not pay his domestics adequate wages, and so leaves it to his guest to requite them for their services. Moreover, our serving

class does not expect to be recompensed otherwise than by their wages, and as a result, one does not find that abject attention to his wants which the hope of a fee elicits. Nor, on the other hand, is that haughty pride of manner cultivated which expects and demands the cringing attitude of a degraded dependence. Our critic's experience leads one to suppose that he expected to find the same abject obsequiousness among our serving classes which he left at home, and no doubt approached them with that air of immeasurable superiority and distinction which he was accustomed to bear towards his own. Indeed, the foreigner visiting this country for the first time is apt to assume a superior attitude to all Americans indiscriminately, and only learns after a harsh experience how different Americans are from what he fancies. It is related that when a certain nobleman of high rank once visited President Lincoln, and introduced himself to our Chief Magistrate as Lord Tomnoddy, Baron Hobnobs, &c., the President, with a wave of the hand, replied in great good-humour, "Never mind, sir, never mind; we will forgive you all that, and treat you just as if you were a plain American citizen."

It is a radical mistake on the part of a foreigner to expect to impress upon the American mind the notion of his transatlantic superiority, or to overwhelm it with the magnitude of his social distinction. He will find himself snubbed by all classes, if he attempt such an imposition. The lower classes will do it abruptly and roughly by asserting their independence in such a forcible manner as to shock his nerves at every turn, and the higher classes will give him to understand that he is both ill-bred and snobbish. To be accused of bad manners because we resent an insult is an indictment that carries its own condemnation, and this our critics more often forget than remember. Their assumption is, for the most part, that of an Englishman, who was being shown through one of our Colleges by a professor of the institution, and who, in discussing things American, remarked with most obtuse insolence, "You Americans are all fools, you know." Many of our critics are not so candid, but there is no mistaking the implication their words convey. It may be summed up in the homely formula, "I know you are fools, and you know that I know you are fools," and this is the spirit in which we are approached by most, although I am glad to say, not all our foreign critics, as an exception among whom notably stands the courteous Editor of *THE MONTH*. Most

adverse to us, and couched in this spirit, was the prejudice of the writer mentioned at the beginning of this paper. His animus against us is doubly confirmed by the evidence from his own pen when he avers that even down to the small "nigger" (a word by-the-bye never used in polite society in the States) he failed to receive the to-be-expected "Thank you," in return for the customary fee. It yet remains for the present writer, with an experience in nearly all the States, to meet with either the small "nigger" or other "help," who withheld the usual grateful response for the dime or quarter given. But it is true that a supercilious manner in tendering the fee will undoubtedly meet with a fitting reception, for we are accustomed to look upon our servants as human beings with hearts like our own, who are to be treated with that due consideration which the difficulties of their situation demand. We have learned how to respect them without forgetting the social distance which separates them from us. Notwithstanding our critic's assertion to the contrary, we can speak to our railway "guards" without fraternizing with them. There is a subtle instinct in the make-up of every gentleman, which infallibly directs him in holding his inferiors at the proper distance without violating that first principle of good breeding—to deal considerately with the feelings of all.

It is difficult to say where the worst manners resided in Miss Martineau's interview with "a settler in an unfortunate part of the country." "Whose land was this that you bought?" "Moggs." "What's the soil?" "Bogs." "What's the climate?" "Fogs." "What do you get to eat?" "Hogs." "What did you build your house of?" "Logs?" "Have you any neighbours?" "Frogs." Miss Martineau's queries were met with characteristic replies, partaking not a little of the soul of wit—brevity. Surely if this be a typical sample of American bad manners, it is none the less an apt illustration of foreign impertinence. In the eyes of the average foreign tourist, America is a sort of "show" country, filled with all sorts of ludicrous wonders and infantile blunders, which he has come to criticize. His state of mind may be not improperly described in the mistake of a negro waiter, whose mistress told him that an English nobleman would dine with her, and that he must address the gentleman as "my lord." Whereupon the "darkey," whose knowledge of English synonyms was not over clear, coming up behind his lordship's chair, blurted out, "My god,

hab some wine sah?" Many foreigners come to us in just such a frame of mind as Sambo's confusion of synonyms suggests, as demi-gods to inferior beings, or civilized men to savages. No wonder we are criticized harshly by the foreigner who measures us by the tape line of a foregone conclusion. He expects us to be savages, and savages we shall be. Outside of his own polity, all others are barbarians.

To properly understand the manners of a people, something more than the mere outward show must be taken into account. Their habits and their customs must be comprehended in the spirit of their institutions. Wide differences in manners will be found to exist between peoples of unlike characters, developed into habits and customs utterly dissimilar. Nor is there any absolute standard of manners by which one nationality may gauge another, save that one universal principle of consideration for the feelings of others. When a foreigner attempts to measure us after the fashions of his own country, be they English, French, or German, he may rest assured that there will be a misfit. At home he may apply his domestic criterion with justice, but abroad he is sure to find it inappropriate. His ideas of private and public conduct he need not expect to find carried out as in his own native land, and therefore his pronouncement of a people's social conduct as execrable, does not find in reality that warrant which he imagines. In the hearts of a people are the roots of their manners, which blossom and bloom in atmospheres peculiar to their climes. The individual independence of Americans is so little understood by foreigners, that they are for ever grasping its thorns, and in their irritation, fail to see the beauty of the flower it bears. Hence the "defiant independence" of which they make such bitter complaint. But they might as well call a rosebush defiant because it pricks the hand ruthlessly thrust amongst its blossoms without regard to the thorns that grow alongside. "One must" indeed "go to the heart to discern the real root of the matter." Independence is mistaken for social equality, which no more prevails in America than in England. Our equality is nothing else than the possibility of merit in the humblest to attain that rank and reward which it deserves. It is indeed true that we have no patents of nobility, but we have patents of merit. While we have social distinctions and classes well marked off, yet is it within the power of every individual to lift himself by ability to positions to which his worth entitles him. We recognize and

revere superiority and ability by giving them all possible freedom for their exercise. No caste prejudice exists here to hold them down inexorably, and this is the very essence of American equality. It is all that we mean, and all that any intelligent person can expect us to mean by it. The preposterous notion that we include in this doctrine the acknowledgment that there are no differences between men, and that all alike are on the same social grade, is either a malicious misstatement or an ignorant assumption. My tailor is no more my associate in America than in England, and he understands the social distinction between us as well as his obsequious brother of the shears abroad. But there is this difference between his patrons: one recognizes the manhood of his fellow-being, while the other regards him as his social slave.

It cannot be denied, and indeed it is to be expected, that there will be exceptions to this rule, and that we will have an occasional assertion of a false independence, but it is to be noted that this mostly takes places amongst those who have lately come from the Old World, with their native notions of caste servility, so repugnant to the American spirit. As a consequence, finding the accustomed barriers broken down, they are apt to rush headlong into extravagances, which they mistake for liberty. But after a time, when they have become imbued with the spirit of American institutions, they gravitate back to their true centre, and swing in harmony with the rest of the system around the sun of independence.

Failure to appreciate this has led most of our critics into those false conclusions they so liberally draw at our expense. A total misapprehension of the spirit of a people, and hasty generalizations from partial data and incomplete premisses are not fair methods of criticism. The assumption of the perfection of one's own manners will never lead to a proper appreciation of those of others. To know a people we must live with them, and to criticize them we must know them.

CONDÉ BENOIST PALLÉN.

Belgium under Catholic Government.

IN November and December of 1884 we chronicled in THE MONTH the defeat of the Liberal Cabinet under M. Frère-Orban, the assumption of office by M. Malou, the repeal of the Education Act of 1879, and the introduction of that Education Act now known as the law of 1884. We also wrote of the Communal elections which produced such a ferment of excitement in the capital and which had for results the dismissal from office of Messrs. Woeste and Jacobs, victims of Liberal hate and misrepresentation and of the weakness of an unstable and irresolute monarch. How the late M. Malou resolved to share their fate, and to retire from the leadership of a party he had so often guided to victory, was also told. M. Beernaert succeeded him and still holds the office of leader of the Catholic party.

Our purpose in the present paper is to complete the chronicle of events up to the date of the Parliamentary elections of June last. A subject of special interest will be the working results of the Education Act of 1884, which has now been in active operation for almost two years. Another is that of the law affecting literary and artistic copyrights, the outcome of an International Congress held at Antwerp during the Exhibition. This measure, as we shall presently show, has much to recommend it.

The position of the Cabinet after its forced reconstruction was a strong one. The rash and unconstitutional action of the King in depriving the Catholic party of the services of three of its most capable Ministers, had aroused general indignation and disgust. It alarmed not a few of the more moderate Liberals, and it was the means of instilling firmness and vigour into the whole Catholic electorate. It exposed the unscrupulous mode of Liberal political warfare, of which the King, not for the first time in his reign, allowed himself to be the dupe. The object aimed at was the total wreck of the Ministry, and this having failed, its authors retired for awhile into privacy.

Parliament met early in December (1884) and was busy in getting rid of the interpellations launched at the Ministry from all sections of the Left. The question of the Army Reserve came up for discussion, and the action of the Government with regard to it was awaited with some anxiety. It was a question to which the Catholic party, as a body, were strongly opposed, although General Pontus, Minister of War, was credited with being in favour of its adoption. The Liberals were pledged to it in honour to the King, but it had ever been too dangerous and doubtful a measure to press to a division. The difficulty, for such it was, was temporarily disposed of, by being adjourned.

Among the various credits voted during this month, was a sum of five hundred thousand francs on account of pensions to the schoolmasters and mistresses out of service through the introduction of the Education Act of 1884. These were officials placed in charge of the schools forced upon the Catholic communes during the period that the law of 1879 was in existence. We have already in a previous article gone into detail as to the services these erudite officials rendered to the communes in question, and we shall have to return to them again later on when discussing the workings of the act which placed them *en service d'attente*. Suffice for the present to say that the money was not voted without considerable grumbling from the members of the Right.

By the death of M. A. de Meester, Senator for Antwerp, a vacancy had to be filled up. The seat was warmly contested by the Liberals: their candidate, M. Biart, however, had to give way to M. Van Put, who polled 6,204 votes to 5,241.

In January (1885) a measure effecting the immunity of the secular clergy from military service was voted; this exemption, however, was not extended to members of the religious bodies—a distinction we are entirely at a loss to account for. The vexed question of the re-establishment of army chaplains was again brought forward by M. Nothcomb, but was negatived by General Pontus, who urged that the local clergy were sufficiently numerous to administer to the spiritual wants of the troops. This was poor reasoning. The question was not whether they were sufficiently numerous, but whether they were accessible to the troops, or whether the troops were accessible to them. The so-called local clergy in some cases, as at the camp of Beverloo for instance, were far too distant from the troops to render access, either for one or the other, an easy

matter. The expression "local" cannot in this question be taken as meaning near. It was impossible for the clergy to make regularly fixed visits, and it was unfair and unreasonable to expect the soldiers to go to seek them in the few hours of leisure. The whole question was treated by General Pontus with a singular absence of interest for the spiritual comfort and welfare of the army.

On the 11th of February, M. Thonissen, Minister of Public Instruction, in presenting his Budget, dwelt upon the first results obtained since the passing of the Education Act in the month of October 1884. His speech was a crushing vindication of the Act and strongly supported by statistics which showed how eager the communes had been in availing themselves of the powers placed at their disposal. Out of a total of about 4,797 communes, no less than 1,472 had already inscribed religious instruction in the official programme as a subject to be included in the course of studies. Many hundred others had agreed to the daily teaching of religious knowledge in the communal school, either by a priest or a duly qualified and approved teacher. The municipal authorities of Ghent, a notoriously Liberal body, met the Bishop with concessions which his lordship fully accepted. Priests were to have free entrance to all schools daily, to give religious instruction to all who wished for it. The suppression of "faggot" schools, if such a term may be used, went on merrily, the demands being far larger than the Minister could for the moment entertain. 836 had been closed, and of this number, 270 (more than a third) had never possessed ten scholars—and for four or six students a staff of one school-master, one schoolmistress, and one serving teacher had been provided and generally subsidized out of Government and communal funds.

In the place of these 836 suppressed, 1,180 had been adopted by the Government. These were schools already in existence, schools which had been filled by Catholic children who were prevented by conscience from frequenting the official schools. These schools, it will be remembered, had been supported entirely by voluntary contributions during the disastrous period of the law of 1879. The number of scholars in attendance was almost double that of those attending the official schools. Hence the large number of adoptions. To Catholics and Liberals the measure brought financial relief. The extravagant expenditure consequent upon the scandalous abuses imposed by the

law of 1879 had ceased. Their *raison d'être* had vanished. Useless and empty schools were fast disappearing, and in many Liberal communes, where religious instruction formed part of the programme, Catholics were enabled to close their voluntary schools and send their children in perfect safety to the official recognized ones. In February 329 Catholic schools, entirely supported by the Catholic body, were closed in consequence of the compromise thus effected. This last fact furnishes a strong proof of the popularity of the Act.

With regard to training schools and colleges, all those which offered themselves for aggregation were accepted, provided they possessed a staff sufficient in numbers and qualification. And as to those teachers placed *en traitement d'attente* an annuity of £40 a year was doled out in consideration of the useless lives they had led during their years of office. This grant was to be continued until they had found an employment equivalent in money value to the wages they had previously received. Of a total staff of 8,652, 792 were in February, 1885, on the pensioners' list. It was not to be expected of M. Bara (ex-Minister of Justice) that he should sit quietly by and see such havoc made of his pet projects, without some attempt to save them. He pleaded hard and violently for the teachers *en retraite*, and failing to ameliorate their financial position, he attacked that of the religious instructors, to whom the Law had apportioned a salary of 2,000 francs. Such a sum was out of all proportion to the services they rendered. He pressed his motion to a division on the 12th of April, and his 28 sympathizers were crushed by 60 Ministerialists who took a more logical view of the situation. But M. Bara, lawyer though he be, ceases to be logical in his arguments, when clericalism is the subject of his attack.

Following the course of events in their chronological order we must turn aside for awhile from parliamentary debates and interpellations to record the death of one, who did more, perhaps, than any other to deliver his country from the thralldom of Holland—M. Charles Rogier, who died at Brussels on May 27, 1885, in his 85th year. In M. Rogier the country lost one of its few remaining heroes of 1830. His name had long ago found the high place it deserved in the national history, and the rising generation loved to look upon him as an aged hero who had fought for its liberty and had conquered. His services to the country he made, were long and numerous. A few years

previous to 1830 he advocated the separation in the Press, and waged a bitter warfare against the Netherland and Orange supremacy. When the insurrection burst out he put aside the pen for the sword and hurried to Brussels at the head of three hundred Liègeois. He was actively engaged during the brief campaign and was appointed member of the provisional Government, and subsequently member of the Executive Council, together with M. de Potter and Van de Weyer. The *Indépendance* of Belgium declared he was returned member for Liège to the National Congress and voted for a constitutional monarchy. M. Rogier, however, energetically opposed the candidature of Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, and urged that of the Duke of Nemours, son of Louis Philippe. He yielded with reluctance to the wishes of the foreign powers, who were warmly opposed to any such combination. In 1832 he was Minister of the Interior and brought about the introduction of railways into the country. In 1847 he was Prime Minister, and during his period of office separated himself from the Party then known as the Unionists. He introduced and formulated the germ of Liberalism, which was destined within a few short years to divide the country into two bitter and hostile factions. M. Frère-Orban found a place in his Cabinet, and the evolution from moderate Liberalism to anti-clericalism, was complete. In 1868, disgusted with the intolerant policy of his colleagues, and unwilling to repeal the Education Act of 1842, he resigned the leadership of the Liberal Party to the pupil he had trained to walk in his footsteps, but who had left him far behind in his rapid advance towards Radicalism. His remaining years were spent in comparative retirement, save in 1879 when he came forth from his seclusion to vote for the Education Act. It would be ungenerous to animadvert upon this the last political act of M. Rogier, knowing as we do, that in later years he bitterly regretted the vote he then recorded. He spent the last few months of his long and eventful life in seeking his peace with God, and he passed away consoled and strengthened with the last rites of Holy Church.

Meanwhile, another storm was brewing in the Liberal camp; the country was once again to be treated to a scene of angry recriminations, and the floodgates of coarse abuse and personal invective were to be re-opened. There is no better opportunity of gauging the strength and principles of foreign Liberalism than that presented by its votaries and exponents when in

opposition. Its varied component parts find enthusiastic and indiscreet disciples, who, freed from the trammels of office and the exigencies of a straitened political situation, give full tongue to their undisguised views. M. Frère-Orban has failed dismally in his efforts to keep his factions together when leading the Opposition. His power and influence are on the wane, like his old leader M. Rogier he has lost touch of the rising generation of politicians, who in their early days looked up to him as their guide, mentor, and friend. His political condemnation had already been pronounced as early as August 10, 1883, when M. Janson passed, in a full House, the following judgment upon him: "The honourable Minister of Foreign Affairs has remarked, 'To govern is to foresee'—he still governs, but he never foresees." Since then many of his old friends, the more moderate Liberals, have been displaced, and their seats filled by advanced Radicals who group themselves under the wing of M. Janson, an old pupil of M. Frère. The storm broke on June 15, 1885, when a vacancy in the Provincial Council of Brabant had to be filled. There were two hostile candidates in the field, a Liberal and a Radical, and at the last moment M. Jourdain, editor of the well-known and popular Catholic newspaper *Le Patriote*, entered the lists. The result was practically a defeat for the Liberal, the Radical candidate, M. Demeur, scoring 3,088 votes to M. Goblet's 2,883. Owing to M. Jourdain's late appearance in the field, he only polled 1,680 votes, the requisite majority of votes was not secured by M. Demeur, and the fight had to be recommenced between the two candidates who had headed the poll. M. Demeur, however, maintained his lead in the ballot, which took place on the 21st and obtained more than the requisite majority.

This election was not without its significance. It proved once again that the Extreme Left was gaining ground at the expense of the followers of M. Frère-Orban. Radicalism was triumphing, a Radicalism that had for its basis an intense hatred of everything clerical, its sole aim the overthrow of the Church and the secularization of the country. M. Janson, in alluding to the victory of his follower M. Demeur, asserted that the electors of Brussels *sont convaincus que la politique libérale et démocratique sauvera seule le pays du Gouvernement des prêtres*. M. Janson had found it convenient, for the moment, to forget that the Catholic candidate had polled the respectable total of 1,680, a number which would have been considerably

increased had M. Jourdain given an earlier intimation of his intentions. The bitterness of the quarrel may be gauged by the fact that even the presence of their mutual enemy, a clerical opponent, the hostile factions would not sink their differences, but stubbornly held out at the imminent risk of ruining each other. It is much to be regretted that the Catholic party were not in better preparation to seize upon and make the most of so favourable an occasion. "When thieves fall out, honest men come in," and here, assuredly indeed, was an opportunity of effecting so desirable a change.

The early part of the month of July (1885) was taken up with a debate upon a proposition of MM. Dumont and Snoy, Members for Nivelles, that a duty tax of one franc per 100 kilos should be raised upon all importations of cereals and on all foreign cattle. The state of agriculturists, they urged, was a desperate one, the home markets were deluged with American grain which was sold at a lower price than that which their own country yielded. Their object was to impose such a tax as would prevent the sale of foreign cereals at prices lower than that of the home markets. It was estimated that a revenue of 13,000,000 francs would be derived from such a tax, and with this sum much could be done to advance the agricultural interest. The proposition was keenly debated, and the Ministry very wisely allowed it to be fought out on its merits, refusing to make a Government question of it. M. Beernaert took an early opportunity to express his views on the subject. They were decidedly hostile. So were those of M. Jacobs. The Prime Minister observed that the present cereal produce of the country was insufficient to meet its actual wants, that by taxing foreign importations the price of bread and meat must necessarily rise. In his opinion the vast quantities now sent over from America could not long be sustained, as that country was in a sore state of agricultural depression. The tax proposed would fall more heavily upon the Belgian consumers than the foreign importers. It was a first step towards protectionism, and for his part he was adverse to any such tendency. However, he was quite prepared to allow the whole question to be discussed and studied by a committee.

On the 10th the proposition was negatived. The clause dealing with the cereals being rejected by 55 to 39. The remaining clauses by 59 to 43.

On the reassembling of Parliament in November, the

Government brought forward a Bill dealing with the rights of authors and artists on the works they had written and executed. The measure, as presented to the Houses, was the outcome of the deliberations of an International Literary Artistic Congress convoked at Antwerp to consider the question in all its varied and complicated aspects.

Its introduction was certainly opportune and desirable. In Belgium, as unfortunately elsewhere, little or no legal protection was afforded to men of letters, musicians, or artists. Tradespeople found security in their trade-marks, tavern-keepers in their sign-posts. Any infraction of their rights were speedily and effectually punished. Authors, artists, and others were not so favoured. Society, which owed them much, encouraged and supported the unscrupulous pillagers and pirates who grew rich and fat upon the brains of others. The sufferers were robbed in a two-fold sense—in money and in reputation. Literary men were galled at finding their best works dramatized in a manner which rendered recognition well nigh impossible. Composers discovered that their productions were constantly being "adapted" and "arranged" to suit the limited talent of some village choir or band. Painters and sculptors were appalled at seeing hideous reproductions of their *chefs d'œuvre* exposed to view amidst doubtful surroundings in every print-sellers' window.

The Act drawn up to amend this state of things comprised nine sections dealing with the rights of authors, musical composers, painters. The first provides that the author of a literary or artistic work alone possesses the right to sanction its reproduction in whatsoever manner or form. His right is to last during his life-time or to continue for a period of fifty years from the day of his decease. The owners of a posthumous work can claim exclusive copyright rights for a term of fifty years, dating from the day of its publication. Similar rights are bestowed on musicians and artists, and effectual measures are taken to prevent for the future the piracy that had long prevailed.

It would be superfluous to say that this Act was a source of much mutual congratulation among those whose interests it sought to protect. It was most favourably received in the Lower House and left there only to be considerably improved by the Senate. As a body the Liberal Party maintained a sullen silence during its progress through Parliament. They could not

oppose it, nor could they attack its principles. The measure was destined to put an end to an intolerable and vexatious state of things, and any factious opposition to it would have fallen heavily upon the heads of those foolish enough to indulge in it.

Late in January (1886), M. Frère-Orban ventured to interrogate the Minister of Public Instruction upon the working of the Education Act of 1884. He even went so far as to demand the production of certain returns: a very injudicious step on his part. The papers were willingly printed and laid before the House. They are of sufficient importance to be summarized, and the summary to be laid before our readers. They consisted chiefly of statistics showing the educational aspect of the country four years after the law of 1879, and the changes brought about by the introduction of that of 1884, a year after its promulgation. The Liberal leader laid great stress upon the fact that no less than 793 communal schools had been closed and 799 school-masters and mistresses had been placed on the retired pensioned list. Such a result was foreseen and indeed aimed at. The law of 1884 was specially directed against the empty schools and the needless school teachers. The number of communal elementary schools in 1883 was 4,787, and in 1885, 3,994. The total teaching staff in 1883 was 8,657; in 1885, 7,838. School attendances in 1883 were put down at 315,687, while that of 1885 was 403,535, an increase of 57,848.

Turning to the schools under lay direction, adopted and subsidized by the communes in 1883, their total was 8, with a staff of 8, and an average attendance of 123; while in 1885, 863 had been adopted, the staff increased to 1,456, and the attendance risen to 82,044.

The returns from the schools under religious management, adopted and subsidized by the communes and State, showed that in 1883, their number was but 2, with a staff of 4 and an attendance of 202. In 1885 there were 674 schools, a staff of 1,446, and an attendance of 77,866.

In spite of the large increase of grants through the adoption of schools and the consequent increase of the teaching staff and the heavy sums spent in pensions to the masters and mistresses superannuated by the closing of the many useless Liberal official schools, a saving of over 3,000,000 francs was realized in the first year. Under M. Frère-Orban the empty schools cost the country more than the well-filled and well-managed schools opened under the protection of the law of 1884. The oft-

repeated accusation brought by this ex-Minister against the Government, that they were crushing out all State education, was now proved to be false, inasmuch as when in 1883, 345,687 children were attending official schools, in 1885 their numbers had increased to 403,535. The cost per head in 1883 was 53 francs, in 1885 but 31; thus in less than a year and a half a saving of 40 per cent. was effected and an increase of attendances of 59 per cent. The Ministry had thoroughly succeeded in carrying out its programme of retrenchment on the educational question, without in the least jeopardizing its interests. Before dismissing this subject, and regretting that the returns for 1885-6 have not yet appeared, we must express the hope that the Cabinet will soon see its way to suspend the heavy annual pensions it now gives to the large staff of schoolmasters and mistresses placed *en traitement d'attente*. That these grants should have been given for a year we can quite understand. They now have had abundant time to procure for themselves other employment, had they been so disposed. Their claims on the public purse will not stand examination; their services were, but too often, those of school keepers, not school teachers. It is unreasonable and unfair to call upon the communes to continue these annual payments on behalf of a class which has no other recommendation than that of its strong adherence to a party which fed and housed them at the expense and to the detriment of so many hundred others more deserving.

Of the events which preceded the legislative elections our readers were made acquainted with in an article which appeared in the May number of *THE MONTH*. We need not return again to the subject of which it treated, the deplorable riots. The projected manifestations of socialists at Brussels was very wisely put a stop to by the Mayor, M. Buls, acting doubtless upon pressure brought to bear by the Minister of the Interior.

The country had scarce calmed down than it was once more roused and excited with the preparations for the great legislative conflict. There was to be a contest in some twenty important towns. In several places the Catholic members were re-elected without opposition. At Liège the Liberal candidates were likewise re-elected without opposition. Alost was the only Catholic seat contested, and the Liberal met with a severe defeat, polling 635 to his opponent's 1,388. The Catholics laid a determined siege to all the other towns. Naturally the great interest was centred in Ghent, where

eight Liberal members stood to lose, being all opposed. The contest was a keen one, and on the part of the Liberals a desperate one. Every influence had been brought to bear upon the electorate, and canvassing had been carried on vigorously for weeks together. The result was decisive. The defeat experienced by the Catholics of Ghent in 1882 was gloriously wiped out by a brilliant victory in 1886, with a majority of 140. At Waremme they gained two seats, at Charleroi one, and at Verviers one: a total of 12. The provinces of East and West Flanders, Antwerp, and Limbourg were now totally in the hands of Catholics, their majority in the House of Representatives had increased from 34 to 56, the House being made up of 97 Catholics, and 41 Liberals. Among the Liberal notabilities overthrown, were M. Rolin-Jaequemyns, ex-Minister of the Interior, and M. Lippens, Mayor of Ghent. At Charleroi, Mons, and Verviers a ballot had to be taken on the Tuesday following, as several of the candidates failed in obtaining the necessary number of votes to be returned. Another victory at Charleroi crowned the efforts of the Catholic party; at Verviers and at Mons its candidates failed in passing.

The effect produced upon the defeated party is best described by its Press:

L'Etoile Belge: "Ghent has escaped us. The black stain of clericalism has spread itself over the whole of the two Flanders. There is not even left us a single representative."

La Gazette: "It is a disaster. Two years ago our defeat was a surprise. We are now beaten all along the line."

La Nation: "The truth may as well be spoken. We are destined to be governed by the *culotte* for four years to come."

Of the causes which led to their defeat, they were, as usual, divided in opinion. The *doctrinaires* blamed the progressionists, and the latter the *doctrinaires*. On one point only were they unanimously agreed, and that was the decisiveness of their defeat. And yet the true causes were not far to seek. The recent disturbances in Mons, Charleroi, and Liège had brought to light the fact that there existed between the Left section of the Liberal party and the socialist leaders a strong sympathy, a common accord as to the objects in view, and a mutual understanding that the forces and influences of each should be used for their advancement. The shock to the nation was a great one. The gravity of the outbreak, the fearful consequences it might have produced had it not been vigorously

repressed, confirmed the country in its belief that the public weal and welfare depended upon the retention of office by a Ministry which was capable of quelling outbreaks and of removing the evils which led to them. The loss of one Liberal seat at Verviers and two at Charleroi were evidences of a revolution of feeling. Confidence in the Liberal party was shaken even in its very strongholds. The Ministry had shown itself capable of grappling with the evil by the sharp and incisive measures it had recourse to. It also manifested its great anxiety to get to the root of the prevalent disaffection in organizing throughout the country committees to inquire into the grievances complained of by the rioters. The great social questions of wages and labour were to be gone into thoroughly, and witnesses representative of every interest were to be examined. Facilities and indemnities against loss of pay were given to the members of the various trades affected, in order that they might attend and expose the nature of their complaints. These committees are still engaged in collecting evidence, and the Government are only awaiting the reports in order to put the recommendations and suggestions into legislative effect.

Apart from these causes, there were others which helped to swell the Catholic Parliamentary majority. An era of retrenchment had set in. The public mind was at rest and enjoying a grateful security as to financial matters. The day of boundless extravagance and reckless expenditure had gone by. The heavy deficit left to the Catholic Executive by the Liberal Minister was rapidly diminishing. Rigid economy was exercised in every department, and in none more so than that of Education. Yet with it all the public service was so efficiently carried on and several vexatious taxes removed or reduced, notably those of the railway and canal toll charges.

Commerce and industry found a field for fresh exertion in the newly acquired colony of the Congo Free State. Important measures affecting the administration of this country had been carried out. The Ministry, keenly alive to the advantages it opened out to the country, and in working for the commercial prosperity of the new possession, were not unmindful of its responsibilities. And first of these was its duty to Christianity. Missioners had already penetrated where traders yet hesitated to follow, and, thanks to their noble zeal and generous labours, a way was cleared, and a welcome assured to those who chose to follow.

Home legislation had not been neglected. The great difficulties of inter-rural communication had long been the source of the agriculturists' complaints. Existing roadways were often bad and far from being direct or convenient for the transport of crops and agricultural produce. In the winter months few but the high roads were passable. To meet this state of things a convention was made between the Government and a newly organized Company for the laying down of steam tramways in rural districts. Several are already in existence, and their extension throughout the agricultural districts is now but a matter of time.

Another great grievance has, at last, been fairly met and generously settled. The Government has decided to recognize in an official manner the existence of the maternal language of the country. A Flemish academy has been opened, Flemish money struck, and Flemish postage-stamps issued. This act of tardy justice, late though it is, has evoked an enthusiasm throughout the Flemish provinces which it would be hard to exaggerate. It has been won by the honest and patriotic efforts of a class, fortunately numerous, which treasures up the traditions of happier and more prosperous times and which looks upon its language and literature as an inheritance to be preserved, extended and handed down from generation to generation. With its retention have been preserved customs and observances, which have won for the Flemish the high moral and upright reputation they so deservedly enjoy, and which are essential to the welfare of the country, to the peace and well-being of its people. The Ministry in thus strengthening and extending their growth, has not only done a tardy act of justice, but has awakened a sympathy and an enthusiasm which are strong guarantees of future peace and good-will.

We may here take leave of the Ministry which has done so much for religion and the country. Its prospects are bright indeed. Possessed of the strongest majority ever given to a Belgian Cabinet, it can fearlessly and zealously carry out the mission entrusted to it. While studiously avoiding party warfare and reprisals, it must give heed and effect to the legitimate aspirations and wishes of the vast electoral body which spoke to such purpose on June 8, 1886.

We have reserved to the last the saddest portion of our chronicle—the death of M. Jules Malou. This name, which has so often figured in the pages of *THE MONTH*, must not be

allowed to pass away without a sincere and heartfelt expression of regret and sorrow at the loss his death has caused his country, and of the high appreciation his long and valiant services have won from us all. Some record of his eventful career will form a fitting conclusion to this article and but a poor tribute to his memory. M. Malou was born at Ypres in 1810. He studied at Saint-Acheul under the Jesuits and finished his course at Fribourg, in Switzerland, in 1831. In 1833 he returned to Belgium, and obtained the degree of LL.D. at the University of Liège. Here he met M. Frère. In 1836 he was Chief of the Department of the Minister of Justice. In 1841 he was returned Member of the Lower House for Ypres. On resigning in 1844 he was appointed Governor of the Province of Antwerp. The year following he entered the Cabinet of M. Van de Weyer as Minister of Finance. The Ministry was overthrown in 1847, and M. Malou failed to be returned at Ypres. He was successful, however, in 1850, and was again in office until 1856, when the Cabinet gave way to the agitation got up by its opponents on the question of charitable institutions. Leopold the First was strongly in favour of energetic measures to quell the disturbances of the Capital. M. Nothomb, however, vacillated and was lost. M. Malou entered in 1866 the Senate as the representative of St. Nicholas. His position was a difficult one. The majority in the Lower House was Liberal and under the sway of Messrs. Frère and Bara. M. Malou succeeded in rejecting many of the measures carried in the House of Representatives, and thus stemmed to some extent the tide of Liberal persecution setting in against the Catholic minority. In 1870, when the Liberal Party was swept away, M. Malou formed a Cabinet and held office until 1878. His long term of office was well and fruitfully employed, and his responsibilities continued during the following six years he acted as leader of the opposition. In 1884 he was again leader of the Catholic majority. Why he resigned is known to the readers of *THE MONTH*. Sooner than abandon two of his colleagues, marked out as victims to the hate of Liberal members of the Privy Council, whose influence with the King was greater than that of the Ministry, he threw in his lot with them, bidding farewell to public life. Of his many great gifts none ever stood him in better service than his calmness and serenity of temper. He had much to undergo from his opponents. No public man was more held up to public scorn and ridicule. He was the

bête noire of the Liberals. His vigorous eloquence, biting sarcasm, and imperturbable serenity were more than a match for any of his adversaries. They ridiculed him freely enough. The well-known lines :

A bas Malou
Il faut le pendre la corde au cou !

was the acknowledged Liberal antiphon during their term of seclusion.

Of his services to the country, and especially the Catholic party, much could be written. From the first he fought for the religious liberty of his countrymen and strenuously opposed every effort to wrest them asunder. He saw the rise of that Liberalism which was to gain such a hold in the nation : he combated it from the first, and predicted the mischievous turn it was destined to take. As years went on he saw its development, yet never lost heart. As staunch and active in opposition as he was bold and vigorous in office, he worked to counteract and remove the evils it had produced. Alluding to the outbreaks so often got up by the Liberal party, he warned the House of the dangers in store for the country if disorders and riots were to be allowed and encouraged within the capital. "It is indeed deplorable to see at every moment, without any real cause, or even an appeal to the properly constituted authorities of the country, these manifestations of passion and prejudice in the street. If such a state of things continue, if it becomes chronic, let us bear in mind that it is the first phase of the decadence of free countries." In later years he was himself to fall a voluntary victim to these manifestations of party hate and prejudice ; but not before he had left behind him the great Education Act of 1884—his last legacy to his country—a legacy which is already bearing rich fruit.

His private life was of the simplest. He loved his garden, his trees, his flowers, which he used to cultivate himself. His favourite companions were his grandchildren, whom he had around him whenever he could. He died as he had lived—a fervent Catholic, fortified with the rites of the Church he had so long, zealously, and lovingly fought for and protected.—R.I.P.

AUSTIN G. OATES.

Christian Marriage.

PART THE SECOND.

IN order to complete the true idea in our minds of Christian marriage we must give further consideration to three points:

1. That Christian matrimony is a true and proper sacrament of the New Law.

2. That there is no real distinction, or possibility of separation between the *contract* of Christian matrimony and the *sacrament* of matrimony: and that consequently, in the case of baptized persons, there is no true matrimony which is not at the same time a sacrament.

3. That the Catholic and Roman Church has power and the right to constitute impediments which shall be antecedently subversive of the matrimonial contract; and that to her tribunal all causes which concern the bond of matrimony belong—and this not by the concession, either express or tacit, of the civil ruler: but in virtue of her own proper, original and divine right, a right which belongs to her in property in the extreme and exclusive sense that it can belong to her alone, and that it is inalienable.

I.

That matrimony is truly and properly one of the seven sacraments of the Gospel or New Law, that as such it was instituted by Jesus Christ Himself, and that it confers grace, is a revealed truth of the Catholic faith. This truth was defined by the Catholic Church in the Council of Trent, and its definition was rendered necessary by the heresies which came to a head in the sixteenth century.

Christian matrimony pre-supposes Christian baptism. Baptism is "the gate of the sacraments," and it is the baptized only who are capable of the reception of other sacraments. The matrimony of the unbaptized is therefore not a sacrament. The unbaptized are under the natural law only, and their

contracts cannot have any higher sanctions than those which that law affords. The matrimony of the unbaptized is a lawful contract, and a sacred bond, but it does not confer grace, and it is not a sacrament.

It follows that before the Incarnation of the Son of God, and the institution by Him of sacraments as channels of His grace, and among them of the sacrament of baptism, matrimony, however lawful and holy it may have been in itself, and as a *contract*, was not sacramental. As a lawful contract, and in itself, it was sanctified from the beginning by God in Paradise, but it was not a centre and source of sanctification, as is a sacrament, until it was raised to the level and dignity of a sacrament by Jesus Christ.

Like every other sacrament, matrimony confers sanctifying grace. This grace is that the possession of which makes its possessor holy. Hence its name of sanctifying grace. It is also called habitual grace, as distinguished from actual grace. Actual grace is bestowed in order to an act. It is transient as is that act. It passes away. Habitual grace abides. Habitual sanctifying grace once bestowed remains in the soul of its receiver so long as it is not expelled by the commission of mortal sin, the state of which is incompatible in the same soul at the same time with the state of sanctity or holiness. Of this grace baptism bestows the first instalment, and an increase to the amount of it which is already possessed is added by every other sacrament, and consequently by the sacrament of matrimony.

Along with this sanctifying grace, which is habitual and abiding, matrimony confers also a right to actual graces to be bestowed by God in time of need, and in aid of those special needs which matrimonial life entails. This life has of necessity its own sorrows as well as its own joys—its own sufferings as well as its own pleasures—and its own burdens as well as its own solace. The state of matrimony has its duties as well as its rights, and in order to their due fulfilment, the strength of the noblest nature must be supplemented by the strength of divine grace. Apart from all other difficulties, the *unity* of matrimony—or its absolute restriction of a man to one consort—along with its *indissolubility*—or the essentially life-long nature of the bond which nought but death can sunder—would be for the frailty of fallen nature a burden greater than it could bear, were it not for

the succours of the grace of God. If human nature, since its fall, were left to itself and its own resources, novelty of pleasure would by-and-by be swallowed up in satiety, and the love of the senses which seek variety would ere long crave for satisfaction in other objects. The love that is fed by bodily beauty must wither with old age. It is of its own nature as corruptible and as evanescent as is that from which it springs. It is mortal, and is bound to die, unless grace lends to it a life which is not its own. The love of the senses is blind to its own briefness, and when its eyes are opened its days are numbered. It is written in the gospel of the flesh, by one of its apostles, that marriage bonds are needless while love lasts, and that when love has vanished they are intolerable fetters. Amid the mire of this maxim lies sunk a truth which cries for a sacrament from Heaven in aid of man's weakness here on earth. If there is a state of mortal life which requires, nay, demands a sacrament, that state is matrimony. Were we left to the conjecture of our reason, we should expect a sacrament for the benefit of those who bear Christ's yoke as married persons. Taught by God, we know that such a sacrament exists—that it was instituted by the Incarnate Son of God—and that it conveys grace which He merited on the Cross which He reddened with His Precious Blood. This sacramental grace was purchased and is bestowed for the strengthening of the married in their mutual love, in their fidelity to each other, and in their observance of each other's rights—for the well-ordering of their intercourse in accordance not merely with the promptings of sensual love and animal desire, but with the dictates of human reason, and of that reason as enlightened by divine religion—and for the education and government of their children as Christian subjects in a Christian home.

Further, along with this sacramental grace there is bestowed by means of the sacrament of matrimony an increase of theological and of moral virtues, and among these the foremost place is held by the four which claim it—by charity and piety, by fidelity and patience. A married life which is adorned with these jewels is a life which is after the pattern of married life as it exists in the mind of Christ. It is the fruit and flower of a sacrament. It meets the eye as the visible expression of Christian matrimony.

II.

That there is no real distinction or possibility of separation

between the *contract* of christian matrimony and the *sacrament* of matrimony is a Catholic doctrine which is so certain that its contradiction would savour of more than rashness. The sacrament of matrimony is not a rite which supervenes to a contract which is already perfected in itself and apart from that sacrament. It is not a spiritual adornment, or an extrinsic property, or an accidental quality which is superadded to the contract. It is the contract itself, which, remaining physically the same, is by a moral transformation assumed and raised to the nature and dignity, to the level and efficacy of a sacrament. Hence there is not, and there cannot be, any true matrimonial contract between baptized persons which is not of necessity at the same time a sacrament. Whenever in any union of baptized persons there is no sacrament, it is simply and solely because the contract between such persons was invalid, and was therefore not a true matrimonial contract. In every case in which the contract between Christians is matrimonially valid, it is also sacramental. The sacramental nature of the contract does not depend on the faith of the contracting parties—on their belief in sacraments—or on their being aware that matrimony is a sacrament, or that their matrimonial contract is sacramental. The sacramentality of the contract depends solely on two facts—the fact of the validity of the contract—and the fact that it is entered into by persons who had previously been baptized. The sacramentality is entirely independent of their intention, and the only intention which is necessary on their part is that of entering into a valid matrimonial contract.

It follows that the marriages of Protestants—supposing them to have been validly baptized—are as sacramental as are the marriages of Catholics. Their matrimony is as much sacramental as is their baptism. It is as independent of their belief or unbelief, of their knowledge or ignorance of its sacramental nature.

As baptism does not require the ministry of a priest in order to its validity, so neither does matrimony. In matrimony the contracting parties are themselves the ministers of the sacrament, as they are themselves the creators of the contract. It is their matrimonial and mutual consent which effects the matrimonial contract, and it effects through that contract the sacrament which is identified with it. The nuptial benediction of priest or pontiff has no more share in effecting the sacrament than it has in effecting the contract.

Even in those countries in which the disciplinary decree of the Council of Trent against clandestine marriages has been canonically promulgated, and where all marriages are consequently invalid and absolutely null and void, and mere concubinages, which have not been celebrated by the parties in presence of the parish priest or of his duly authorized deputy—the invalidity attaches not merely to the sacrament, but to the contract—and it attaches to the sacrament only through the contract. The sacrament is invalid because the contract is invalid. If the contract were valid, the sacrament would be equally valid. It is not, in the case of those countries, the benediction of the priest which is necessary in order to the validity of the sacrament, but it is the *presence* of the parish priest, which is a necessary condition *sine quâ non* in order to the validity of the contract. He is present not as minister of the sacrament, but as *witness* to the contract—as the *testis approbatus* or approved witness required by the Church in order to the validity of the contract as a matrimonial contract. His benediction is as extrinsic to this contract as it would be to any other contract. His presence as an indispensable witness is as essential to the validity of the matrimonial contract in the cases supposed as the presence of a particular witness would be essential to the validity of any legal contract, for the validity of which the presence of such witness, in addition to the mutual consent of the contracting parties, was required by the law of the land. The benediction of the parish priest does not enter into and it forms no part of the sacrament, and its value is at the most that of a sacramental. The matrimonial contract, and consequently the sacrament of matrimony, if it is celebrated in his presence, and in any manner, so as that he is rendered capable of bearing witness to the fact, and however unwilling he might be to witness it or bear testimony to it, is valid. It would be equally valid if he were to withhold his benediction, nay, if he were to lay the contract and all concerned under his curse.

Hence in countries such as England, where the disciplinary decree of Trent has not been promulgated, clandestine marriages of Catholics—or marriages contracted by them without the presence of the priest as witness—are, as well as the marriages of baptized Protestants, valid both sacramentally and as matrimonial contracts; and this whatever may be the nature and measure of the guilt which in the case of recalcitrant Catholics

attaches to the contracting parties by reason of their irregular and unlawful action.

It is unlikely that here in England, or in countries where Protestants are in an immense majority, the Trent decree will ever be canonically promulgated, since the effect of requiring the presence of the Catholic parish priest by way of witness, as a condition *sine quâ non* to the validity of all matrimonial contracts within the realm, would be to invalidate the subsequent marriages not only of Catholics who should fail in observance of this condition—a consequence which would not be of such practical inconvenience as to bar legislation, or rather promulgation of existing law—but of all baptized Protestants, and so to deprive their unions of their sacramental dignity and value, and reduce them to the level of civilly legalized concubinages. Such, in the case of baptized persons, non-sacramental unions would undoubtedly be, however little the persons contracting them should, by reason of their ignorance, be morally responsible, or in the absence of all moral guilt.

In this difference of practice or discipline in different countries there is not involved any divergence of doctrine. In every country under heaven the sacrament of matrimony consists in a valid matrimonial contract between baptized persons, but in some countries a condition *sine quâ non* is required in order to the validity of a matrimonial contract, which is not yet required, and which may never, and will probably never be required in other countries. This wise diversity of discipline in accordance with the circumstances of countries, and determined by considerations of the highest charity towards those who, although baptized, have been born into darkness, and live blinded by unbelief, is no more inconsistent with the unity of the Catholic Church than is the diversity of the laws which regulate contracts and determine their validity in England and Scotland and other countries under British rule subversive of the unity of the empire.

As in the case of every other sacrament, the sacrament of matrimony has, besides its ministers, its matter and its form. Since this sacrament consists in the contract, its matter and its form are those of the contract. The remote matter in either case, or rather, under either aspect, since the contract and the sacrament are identified, is the same, namely, the bodies of the contracting parties, or their mutual dominion over each other's

bodies for the purposes of married life, which is the object of the contract. The proximate matter and the form are contained in the words or equivalent signs which express the consent which effects the contract. These words are, under different aspects, at once the proximate matter and the form. They are the proximate matter as they express delivery of dominion by one contracting party ; they are the form as they signify acceptance by him of the delivery of dominion made in like manner by the other contracting party. There is not merely a mutual delivery of dominion, but there is a mutual acceptance of such delivery. The delivery on the one part is at the same time the acceptance of the corresponding delivery on the other part. Acceptance following on delivery is the form which completes every contract.

Further, in this, as in every other sacrament, we find a *sign*—a thing signified, and effected as well as signified—and a grace sacramentally conferred. The sign is found in the words which signify the contract. These words effect that which they signify. They effect an indissoluble union, which is henceforth no longer subject to the will and power of the contracting parties. They are powerless to rescind the contract, to dissolve the bond which it has established, or to alienate in favour of others the mutual rights of dominion over each other which it has transferred by way of property. This indissoluble union is a sacramental shadow of the indissoluble union between Christ as Bridegroom and the Church which is His Bride ; and that again is a union formed on the pattern of the indissoluble wedding of the two natures—the divine and the human—which subsist in the one Divine Person of the Son of God. In virtue of the words, expressive of matrimonial consent, which complete the matrimonial contract, there is conferred the grace which sanctifies the matrimonial union.

It is clear therefore that nothing is lacking to this matrimonial contract between baptized persons which is required to satisfy the demands of the idea and nature of a Christian sacrament.

III.

That the Catholic and Roman Church has power—and that of inherent and inalienable divine right of which she cannot be deprived, and which she cannot resign—to constitute impediments which shall be antecedently subversive of the matrimonial contract, is of faith, and was defined by the Council of Trent.

Her possession of this power follows also from the fact that the matrimonial contract is itself the sacrament of matrimony. It is admitted on all hands as manifest that whatever concerns the sacraments, their administration, and the determination of their validity and lawfulness, belongs to the Church of God and not to the civil ruler. It is equally clear that when a sacrament consists in a contract, with which it is identified and from which it is consequently inseparable, it belongs, and that of necessity and of the nature of the case, to the same church to determine the necessary conditions to the validity as well as to the lawfulness of that contract, and so to determine who are capable, and who are not capable, of contracting. This is, in other words, to determine what are and what are not impediments to the contract; and whether these impediments are merely hindrances to its lawfulness, as are also antecedently subversive of its validity.

Included in this power, which belongs to the Church and to her alone—and which belongs to her of inherent and inalienable because of divine right, and not in virtue of any right bestowed from without, or derived from any civil ruler or earthly power, or of any right which she is free to resign—is the power to abrogate such impediments, or to dispense so that in particular cases they should no longer be impediments. Such dispensations require a cause, but of the adequateness of the cause, or of the lawfulness and advantage of the dispensations, she herself must necessarily be sole judge.

Finally, it also follows that to the tribunal of the Catholic and Roman Church all matrimonial causes belong, and no other tribunal upon the earth has power from God for their decision. By such matrimonial causes we mean all causes which concern the bond of matrimony, and its validity—all causes of contracts which are antecedent to a matrimonial contract, and which are of themselves and immediately connected with that contract, as are contracts of espousal—all causes which concern consequences of the bond of matrimony, such as the legitimacy of children—and all causes which relate to separation, either temporary or perpetual, of the married persons *a mensâ et thoro*, or either, although without dissolution of the *vinculum*, or bond of their matrimony. We do not include among the causes which necessarily belong to the tribunal of the Catholic Church such causes as merely concern money contracts, or civ

effects which have been introduced by and depend on civil law, and to which the marriage only gives occasion. These are separable and distinct from the matrimonial contract, and consequently from the sacrament of matrimony. They are therefore, and equally with all purely civil causes, subject to the jurisdiction of the civil ruler.

There are few subjects which more demand attention and the most careful consideration than does that of Christian marriage. In it all men and women have a vested interest, for in one way or in another it concerns every human being. In a special manner does it concern Christians, and all who claim the name of Christian. Men are uneducated as Christians in the Christian religion, if their ideas are vague with regard to a sacrament which is an essential constituent of Christianity. It concerns statesmen also, since the matrimonial contract lies at the foundation of all civil society, and through the sacrament of matrimony all civil society is sanctified. The enemies of the Catholic Church and the enemies of civil society are at one on this matter. The former would wrest the sacrament from the Church's jurisdiction; the latter would rend the contract by robbing it of the indissoluble character which makes it matrimonial. Deprived of its sacramental sanction the contract falls to the level, and will share the fate of other contracts which have become burdensome to those whom they bind. Governments which are merely human, and laws which aim at expressing not the divine law but the will of the masses who create their lawgivers, will be powerless to stay the torrent of human passion, and to set bounds to the licence of human will. Power to do this belongs to one Government alone, and belongs to it because it is, while human in its embodiment, divine in the principle of its life and action, of its thought and will, of its authority and power. The Kingdom of Jesus Christ upon the earth, in which He reigns, and through which He rules—the Catholic and Roman Church—the creator of Christian society, is its one saviour and preserver. By means of the sacrament of matrimony, "Jesus is called to the marriage" of Christian men, and by the power of His will a contract, natural in itself as are the waters which well forth from the earth, is transformed into a sacrament, symbolized by the wine into which at a wedding water was changed by its Creator. The first miracle of Jesus was wrought at a marriage, by means of it He mani-

fested His glory, and by reason of it His disciples believed in Him. The history of Christian matrimony in its indissolubility is the history of a standing miracle—more marvellous in the moral order than was the wonder of Cana in the physical order—a manifestation of the glory of Jesus as He is Ruler of the princes and peoples of the earth throughout the centuries, and a motive of credibility, or ground of our belief in His doctrine, authority, and power.

WILLIAM HUMPHREY, S.J.

British Art in 1886.

III.—FUTURE OF ENGLISH OIL PAINTING.

WE have reached a very interesting and important period in the history of oil painting in this country, and although the criticism so widely expressed upon its present condition has been and must be adverse, there is no reason why its prospect should not be bright for the future. The first question is, Can we look to the Royal Academy for the arrest of the now threatened decadence, and for the restoration of the meritorious aims and finished work of a past generation? Under this very head the indictment stands against that body of an exclusiveness which keeps rising talent in the background, of a selfish claim of privilege which, in its annual exhibitions, reserves all the best lights and positions for the very large and often mediocre productions of its own members, and in general of failure to form a definite, competent, and ever progressive school of painting worthy of the country and of the abilities lying to their hand. Nor is there any hope of better things suggested by the fact that very recently a proposal from the President that the number of pictures to be annually exhibited by each R.A. should be reduced from eight to four, was deliberately and resolutely outvoted. We can scarcely indeed expect the members of a body to correct by their influence or training the evils complained of, when they themselves, with all the unexhausted talents which many of them still possess, are showing year by year more marked deterioration in the whole scope and execution of their paintings. It may not be the most accurate of tests, since sensationalism often gives a false attraction, but the remark is certainly of some weight, that not a single picture has of late years drawn round it that little mob of admiring scrutinizers which used to be so familiar a sight, or if there has been an exception, it has been the work of some outsider.

Seeing, then, that we must seek a return to higher and sounder principles of art beyond the pale of that academy

which should be their true home and nursery, are we to find the desired reformer in Mr. J. M. Whistler? Notwithstanding the many eccentricities and extravagancies which have raised so much prejudice against his style, this artist is a great master of colour, and he has undoubtedly helped towards the formation of a new school, by leading young painters to less strained efforts in reproducing the simple realism of nature, to more just principles in their treatment of aerial perspective, and to a more sympathetic rendering of the freshness and buoyancy of the open air. One undoubtedly feels staggered on first entering Mr. Whistler's exhibition of "Notes, Harmonies, and Nocturnes," in the varied arrangements of brown and gold, of grey and green or blue. Without specifying particular pictures where each is so limited in size and subject, so patchy and fragmentary, as to be rather the hint of a figure or scene, a sketch for a picture, than the picture itself, we may say that a close and persevering study reveals motives and effects at first utterly unsuspected, giving proof of exceeding great cleverness and design, with the result of a wonderful roundness of form in the figure-objects, and of very unusual airiness and expansiveness, especially in sea pieces as viewed from the sandy shore. But although this striking feature in Mr. Whistler's art is an element of decided moment in giving a healthy tone to the works of our future landscape painters, his peculiarities of character and temperament, together with the studied limitation of the lines within which he works, have hitherto and will continue to preclude his becoming the master of a distinct school.

In the *Pall Mall Gazette* Publication of illustrations and criticisms on different exhibitions during the spring or art season of this year, some pages were devoted to pictures exhibited at the Marlborough Gallery, and though we felt bound to go and visit it, it must be owned that the visit was not paid without a considerable amount of suspiciousness and prejudice. On the authority of the *Gazette* the exhibition comprised the works of a small number of young native artists, who, having formed themselves into an art club or league, thus placed their paintings before the public as "the tangible demonstration of their opinion and efforts, aiming at the establishment of realism—in its proper sense—and the cultivation of those technical qualities so deplorably neglected by the average English artist. . . . The desire of the new school is to vindicate the soundness of engrafting English feeling and sentiment upon what is known as

French *technique*—French only because no adequate attention is paid to the teaching of technique out of France in the present day." Then the *Pall Mall* critic goes on to remark, "A first cursory examination of the threescore works in the exhibition reveals a quite unexpected variety of subject and treatment, and undoubtedly a very much higher level of excellence than is to be found in the average Academy or Grosvenor Gallery. As a rule low tones prevail, except where blues predominate, but here and there some charming colour refreshes the eye." A careful examination of these pictures has led us to the heartiest adoption of this favourable criticism, while it was a fresh inducement to renew acquaintance with French and Belgian art as exhibited in Pall Mall and in New Bond Street, in order to make a particular study of the lessons there taught on those very points in which English art shows itself most defective.

Recent comments as to the extravagant lengths to which the exhibition of the nude has been carried in French art *salons* have produced the false impression on many minds that this, together with vividness of colouring, vulgarity of display, and exaggeration of form and design, is the all-absorbing characteristic of the French school of painting. Let such persons visit the French Gallery in London and they will be at once undeceived, they have but to look round to acknowledge that the eye is thoroughly satisfied and pleased by the general harmony of rich but subdued colours, which all blend together in perfect accord without one single flaunting tint of red or yellow to dispel the illusion that the several pictures might form parts of one united whole. Our duties of detail in respect of the Marlborough Gallery, to which we hope to return, forbid that we should here discuss too many separate paintings; we shall touch upon a few chiefly with the object of illustrating principles. Let us begin with two pictures of interiors combining figure with still life. The first is entitled "A Labour of Love," and certainly the painter's love for his art must have been to the full quite as real as the love expressed by the lady in his picture for the work in which she is engaged. Why do we unhesitatingly pronounce such a picture worthy of a place amongst the best samples of any ancient school? It is because each object, each detail, each point and effect has received as patient a care and attention as though it alone filled the canvas; and consequently, since the highest skill has been at work, the lady's face, figure and dress, the furniture of the room,

the delicately shaded cushion, the flowers in the window, the exterior sunlight brightening those that grow in the outer court, the light from the open casement falling aslant on the worker's brow and face, the perspective both outside and within, are all rendered with combined force and delicacy of finish, producing a perfect whole because each part is perfect. A still greater triumph of work, as powerful and instinct with life as it is exquisite in its skill of execution, is that which represents a French bishop habited in the most faultless episcopal purple, who receives with mingled deference and *bonhomie* at the corner of a massive balustrade a venerable cardinal dressed in robes of yet richer hue, and leaning on a staff by help of which he approaches from what would seem to be a staircase, were it not for the finely sculptured marble altar which appears behind. Here are massed together in perfect harmony of folds and colour heavy crimson velvet curtains with bullion fringe, carpeting, altar stuffs, and tapestries of many hues and patterns, variegated marbles, panelled with embossed bronze work, or adorned with the episcopal arms in polished brass, besides a bracket supporting the half-length bust of a Pope. These seem to reproduce equally in each case the very textures and materials themselves. Yet the whole life and force of the painting centre in the admirable rendering of the mind, character, act, and intention so delicately expressed in the eyes, the countenances, the hands, and the attitudes of these two "Princes of the Church."

Then again, if we turn to the little cabinet figure pictures of Meissonier, what can excel such gems of minute execution. His "Le Sommeil" and "Le Fumeur" are marvels of detail, in the slouched hat and feather, the gauntlet gloves, the dark yet glossy cloak, the tawny-coloured velvet hose, the high leather boots of the sleeping cavalier, but, above all, in the easy *abandon* of his figure as he leans backward oppressed with sleep. Somewhat similar points in both these pictures leave nothing to be surpassed, and attract the eye from a distance by their general effect, for the very reason that the closer you look into them, the greater perfection of finish do you discover in the copy of each surface and material. Scarcely less remarkable for this union of strength with refined delicacy of work is M. Crosio's "Old Friends." With what cleverness and humour is drawn the interchange of civility between a monk and some old-fashioned servant, as a glass of wine and a pinch of snuff

are being offered from one to the other, and how artistically the yellow livery is brought into contrast with the Frate's brown habit, the freedom of one friend set off against the obsequiousness of the other. Nor can we, in the study of the single figure, too highly praise the very different style of Eugene de Blaas in his young country boy enjoying his cigar with all the air and consequence of a man of forty, a precociously developed "Devotee of the Weed," having plenty of the tone of low life about him, yet not an atom of either false polish or coarse vulgarity. "A Witness for the Defence" and "Not easily convinced" are two delineations of a different line of the comic by another hand, and also belong to a high order of character drawing; while the female head of "Lakmé" is a specimen of the refined school, wherein the softest delicacy of elaborately worked in features, lines, and shades, is allied to equal firmness and fire of expression.

It would be difficult to find greater completeness of execution, both as to figures and scenery, than is shown in two larger pictures illustrative of Servian national songs. Their titles, of "The War Dance" and "The Traitor Tracked," give some indication of their subjects; and the inspiring lines—

Fired with applause his soul with ardour glows,
And 'gainst the foe he deals out mimic blows;
Wild whoops and cries urges on his willing feet,
And each fierce bound with frenzied joy they greet.

do but faintly suggest the tremendous energy with which in the former of these the picturesquely clad executant of the dance delights the admiring throng of his companions, whose laughing faces and humorous applause excite him to fresh exertions and intensify the twinkle of mingled fun and martial ardour in his eye. The second picture having for its motto—

Followed and tracked through wood and glen,
Like a wolf to his lair, so he to his den.

Curst be the race and the name of him,
And foul as his sin be the fame of him.

is equally alive with the fire of a more tragic passion, and marked by the like character of entire freedom from extravagance or weakness in the painting of any one detail, each accessory and figure in the grouping strengthening without effort the unity of the design. "The Smithy" is another

example of painstaking elaboration, wherein not one detail is omitted, not one slovenly or meaningless touch can be detected.

In landscape this gallery is no less happy, witness the faithful transcript held up to Nature in M. Corot's "Sur les Bords de la Seine," and his "Summer is a-comyn in" (*sic*), in "Passing Clouds" from a different hand, in Jules Dupré's "A Bit near Barbizon," or in L. Munthe's "Nature sleeps in her snowy shroud," for in all these there is nature's truest poetry and feeling simple and unstrained, sober colouring and cool greys predominating. Yet in their turn striking effects are not wanting, for instance, two brilliant sunset views, not less vivid and transparent than any of Mr. Leader's studies, but with far more masterly fidelity to atmospheric perspective; and again, a scene with the fitting title of "Repose," which ushers us into exquisitely rendered wood thickets and darkening pools of deep still water, and admits the eye to penetrate through the stems into gloomy distances beyond, while the after-sunset glow passes along the line of the water and falls in a carefully graduated light upon its surface. Under the head of Sea Painting, one example must suffice, showing how

Men must work and women must weep,
Though winds be sudden, and waters deep.

The same motive of drawing attention, not to ordinarily good execution, but to superior merit and exceedingly rare finish, leads us to speak of this work as exceptionally felicitous in the painting of its foreground of sand, shingle, and broken water, in the admirably natural stretches of curling waves, in the life-like groups of fisher-folk moving in such perfect harmony with the scene around them, combining with it to tell a tale of poetic effect, but not the less of real life, and finally in the sense of air and light which pervades the whole picture.

In shifting our ground of observation from the French to the Belgian Gallery, we leave a valuable collection of paintings of little more for the most part than cabinet size, to find ourselves surrounded by a number of grave, somewhat deep-toned pictures of much larger proportions, and almost equally divided between landscape and figure subjects. These exactly supply the element in which the other exhibition might have been deemed defective, and thus in the two combined we have a complete school on the study of which to found an English art of the future. If one might call the former a nursery of sound

execution and finish, we may well accept this last as the academy of poetic inspiration, of tender sympathetic feeling after nature, of a distinct type of excellence formed in the mind, and the art of embodying it in the work actually produced. But, since we are engaged in trying to elucidate the principles of all true art, let us in passing through M. Goupil's vestibule, first do due honour to Miss E. M. Osborn's series illustrating "The Norfolk and Suffolk Rivers and Broads," which here unexpectedly claims our attention. We praise this little gallery for the same reason that we do a similar succession of pictures given us by Mr. Macbeth depicting the fen country, and by Mr. Murray describing Picardy scenery. They are painted with the definite purpose and design of seizing upon the genius of a particular life, climate, and country, they are thoroughly imbued with its spirit, they come from a study of its especial characteristics, from the careful, patient watch of its varying moods and aspects, and so they realize their aim, being works of art marked by an exact and powerful individuality. We feel the force of all this in the sixty-three studies which so ably and, we doubt not, accurately represent the peculiar features of a distinct type of English scenery, and thus promote the advance of the national art in the true direction.

When suggesting that our rising artists should found their style upon the schools of France and Belgium, we have no wish they should in practice copy the heavy severe lines of their draughtmanship, nor the cold dark tones of their system of colouring, any more than we would expect them to give a Belgian cast to English features, or clothe our fellow-countrymen in foreign costumes. The adoption of certain principles which find their best exponent in the art of a country very kindred to our own in many points of character and scenery does not mean this. If our native academies will not provide the necessary training for them, nor foster the bent of true genius to seek ever the highest and most perfect walks, then the need must be satisfied elsewhere. We have only to look around the gallery in Bond Street, and the eye pauses of itself to contemplate that "Young Girl of Katwyk" who stands out from the canvas of the painter Artz as in her dress of quiet, almost sombre shades she appears actually advancing from the light background towards us, making slow progress along a country road with simple and graceful movement, easily engaged the while in her knitting; her face is German, and her flaxen

hair is bound modestly round her brows. This is a picture which in one of our galleries would have the homage paid it of an admiring semicircle. Taking, for variety, the more notable paintings at hap-hazard as they come, our next subject shall be Josef Israels' magnificent picture of "The Shipwrecked Mariner." It is a dark, stern rendering of the dangers and hardships of sea life, with the poor weather-beaten sailor cast upon the inhospitable shore before us, and a deeply shaded line of rescuers approaching in the mid-picture; the treatment is full of strength and vigour, lightened by the tender pathos and human sympathy never absent from this artist's works. "The Return of the Flock" wins our attention by its strikingly unconventional handling of a very ordinary subject; a long line of sheep are being conducted home in the advanced twilight of a summer evening, beneath the sheen of a full moon just beginning to find passage through a network of white fleecy clouds. This dimly lights up the grey sands and rough path which the flock is following, but falling chiefly on the line formed by the backs of the sheep, it makes their long tangled wool glow with a weird lustre—an effect most happy, yet entirely unforced, the greatest merit of the picture being the admirable painting of the sheep.

"Morning on the Seashore," by H. W. Mesdag, is a sea piece showing four noble looking vessels grouped together in an angry sea, yet holding their own bravely beneath dark broken masses of cloud overhead; the character of land, sky, and water are all in perfect accord, and unite in a composition worthy of the most careful study. Though so diverse in subject, the same principle of harmonious colouring is exhibited in the dress and surroundings of "The Widow," a figure which touches our hearts with such a sense of suffering and sorrowing love in her drooping eye, her sad and tender expression, her bent and weakened frame; yet alongside of this care in working out the sentiment of the piece equal care has been bestowed upon the modelling of the limbs and the delicate laying on of the flesh tints. Again we have the unassisted poetry of nature expressed in "Winter," by J. du Chattel. The season of the year has laid its freezing grasp or cast its cold white shroud over every object in the scene; the very sun looks down, now red, now yellow, and withal chilly and lustreless. The trees bear on every branch and tendril their winter's foliage of snow, spreading them out unstirred over the stream that has forgotten its trans-

parency and limpid flow, and begins to halt and stiffen as though old age were creeping upon it. All this we read in the skilful portrayal of wintry effects before us, especially of snow upon the branches, and of an ungenial glare upon the water, and in the carefully modulated perspective which carries the light along the stream, darkening there in its passage through the low-arched bridge, and enables it to follow out the river's continuous course in the brighter light beyond—these are points not to be missed. A kindred picture with this is Mesdag's "Evening," an instructive study of the effects of light upon watery surfaces, brightening them only here and there, of the mingled sheen also and shade cast downward from the clouds above. Such, again, is "The Edge of the Wood," by W. Maris, where the current is in shadow as it moves onward so silent, so dark, yet so liquid in quality; and there is fine contrast between the rich deep greens and browns of the wooded banks to the right, and the bright smiling field on the left, whereon three cows have grouped themselves as though designedly for the painter's model, which cattle often will do, in the pleasing harmonies of white, chestnut, and dark brown, painted, as regards form and the shading of the mottled colours, to the very life. We need never be afraid of the Dutch school training its pupils to be sombre colourists when they have such an example to form their style upon as this picture or Jan Vrolyk's "Rich Pastures." If ever there was a bright, cheery, open-air landscape, bathed in the warm sunshine, we have it in this last. Three cows, much the same in colour as those described, and still more exquisitely painted, stand on the margin of a reedy pool, brilliantly reflected in it, along with the dazzling sunlit sky overhead. As there is the impress of a master's hand on each detail of this attractive picture, it might well be recommended as a model to the student. In landscape we have still to draw attention, under the head of Art Models, to two little gems by Mesdag, "A Strong Breeze" and "A Calm Morning," for in these water, clouds, and ships are each faultless.

With mention of a few groups depicting domestic life we must perforce conclude our limited selection from a list in which there is not one picture of really inferior merit. In "A Family Gathering," by H. Valkenburg, its members possess a strong mental and physical family likeness, marked by much character and humour. They occupy an interior in which the choice and arrangement of accessories has been carefully studied, with a

view both to effect and harmony, a spinning-wheel and a row of marvellously painted plates ranged on an antique mahogany cupboard being conspicuous objects. Among several works by Artz we may single out "The Fisherman's Family," painted in quiet colours which take their tone from the grey and black dresses of these simple folk. They are grouped together in the open air, and contrast with the light greens of the herbage around them. Here, as in the previous picture, the chief excellence lies in the conscientious delineation and the individuality of character stamped on each separate countenance. To these points J. Israels has added greater originality and fertility of conception in his "Sewing Class." Gathered in a semi-circle round a venerable and stern mistress are a number of girls of various ages, evidently not so industrious with their needles as they ought to be, for many a hand is held suspended and the fingers trifle over their work, while thoughts are busy elsewhere, some sadly, others curiously, and only a few merrily, all being evidently weary of their task, and only too glad of the diversion, caused by a mischievous puss busily engaged in playing with an errant ball of worsted. The painter's hand has not spared its labour in giving to each young face its own separate individuality, and thus making it the speaking index of the mind. Humour and delicate caricature are the leading features of G. Henker's "Afternoon Tea," which some four prim-looking matrons of ancient and fantastic fashion in dress, gestures, and cast of countenance, are seasoning with not a slight relish of scandal and affected sense of outraged propriety. Here once more are combined a true artist's vigour and completeness of design with evenly balanced skill in the treatment of the several objects in detail, more especially of the perspective, and of the lights and shadows, as shown in the purity of air of the summer evening and the brilliance of the rays of the evening sun, which penetrate the cottage window. And now, if there be any truth in our desultory comments, we have proved the presence in this Belgian school also of qualities in which our English artists of the present day are sadly wanting, namely, dignity of subject, power and originality of conception, a firm and full grasp of the details requisite for giving to it due outward expression, harmony, and finish, and in fine, care and patience in executing these details with a truthfulness as full of force as it is of finish. Nor are our young painters to be deterred from drawing inspiration and acquiring a more perfect *technique* from the

sources we have indicated, simply because these are not indigenous.

It is surprising that any one who has visited the Marlborough Gallery, in Pall Mall, with its collection as we saw it in June last, or who has been at all aware of its existence, should speak slightly, as has been done in the columns of the *Spectator*, of certain isolated painters presenting in their pictures an admixture of French-English, Belgian-English, or Italian-English style; even when that paper, along with ourselves, most justly deplores the absence of any definite English school at all. The walls of the Marlborough Gallery have borne recent testimony to the fact of a new English Art Club, whose distinct object is "to vindicate the soundness of engrafting English feeling and sentiment upon what is known as French *technique*." We claim entire success for these first efforts made by the germ of a united body destined, we trust, to grow and become a fixed institution, following in the footsteps of the Institute of Water Colours. It has exhibited pictures by no means to be treated as mongrel hybrids between English and any foreign school whatsoever, but as productions of a thoroughly British stamp throughout, and of such high-class work in themselves that had they appeared upon the walls of the Royal Academy, the Exhibition of that Society could never have been stigmatized as below par, though the works we allude to would have borne off the palm from the rest. Moreover, to the argument that paintings of a purer artistic subject and treatment would remain a drug in the market, let this be the answer, that almost every frame at the Marlborough bore the significant little ticket of *Sold* upon it.

That we may awaken the interest and canvass the votes of our readers as to the merit of pictures bearing, to the number of thirty-seven, names unmistakeably English, and of which several are already known to us, we shall describe a few of these, commencing with landscapes and sea views. Mr. Arthur Bell's "Home Life in Bough and Mead" is so far Turneresque, that when closely looked into it seems but a confused perplexity of strokes. Viewed from a distance it becomes a wonderful piece of realism, perfectly simple and natural, yet marked by that subtle attraction which makes it a pleasure for the mind to dwell upon. A row of red-tiled homesteads appears through the spaces between the stems of a short line of trees, stiff, brown, and leafless, and in front of these a man with his pair of horses

is ploughing up dark ridges of earth in our direction. Opposite to him, on the left of the picture, a few sheep are scattered over the corner of a meadow, and between the two fields what we may call a water-lane passes slant-wise till it reaches a bend, when it too advances towards us through a fringe of weeds and border of tall rushes, and occupies the whole foreground. The charm of the scene lies in the soothing effect of the calm quiet colouring and in the rare clearness and limpidity of the watery surface, or rather depth. Another example of the powerful influence of nature upon our thoughts and feelings, which is akin to that of music or poetry, and is called the sympathy or feeling of nature, we owe to a well-known artist, Mr. W. H. Bartlett. In this, too, scene and treatment are wholly English, but leave nature to speak for herself, in tones subdued yet full of light and warmth. We see a river winding round towards us as it skirts the little promontory of level ground which it has formed, and which is intersected by a broad path of pale green grass, safe footing for a young girl who stays upon her road to gather wild flowers from the treacherous bed of osiers concealing the line where the firm bank ends and water lurks beneath. Some gaunt, slim stems rise out of the dry brush-wood, graceful yet fantastic in their twisting branches, sprinkled here and there with dead leaves. The far off river-side across the picture is thickly fringed with dark trees flushed with a soft warm glow, for it is "Within an hour of Sunset;" and beyond these again in the distance, a range of shapely mountain tops mingle their deep purple with the lighter tints of the blue sky. Mr. Laidlay also brings us "Among the Reeds," where an eager sportsman on the outlook after wild duck from his heavy boat has anticipated us; nor is this the first time that we have praised his success in a like study of still, transparent expanse of water glinting through small forests of rushes, and only slightly varying the universal pale green by its own cool grey dimpled surface.

Mr. T. F. Goodall's "The Last Load" takes its own distinct place as a most thoughtful study of that perfect balance and proportion between all its parts, together with their mutual harmony in colour and shading, which often arrests our steps when walking through the fields to contemplate some simple bit of landscape, that we may drink in all its charms for the eye and its pleasing effects on the mind. There is not one self-asserting or discordant tint in the modest scene of the barge

bearing along its freight of brown reeds massed together, under guidance of a man and a young girl, moving on slowly as carried by the sluggish stream, whose grey hues seem the reflection of the cool silvery sky above. In the most carefully sustained sympathy with these objects, the river bank which they are passing is lined with houses of a brownish colour roofed with red tiles, and is skirted by straggling trees completing the harmony of design and effect by their russet stems and leafless branches.

For mingled sea pieces and figures we take first Mr. H. E. Detmold's "Departure of the Fishing Fleet." Upon a high elevation commanding a wide extent of sea freely dotted about with fishing-boats, smooth as a lake and in hue almost as white as milk, stands an old ungainly-looking fisherman, who has thrust his hands into his pockets, yet adds most unintentionally to the general effect by the combination of blue, red, and black in his rough habiliments. At his side four boys of different ages recline on the green slope in that unstudied grace so regardless of appearance which comes as natural to the peasant lad as to the youth of more refined habits. Nothing could exceed the ease and power displayed in this true touch of nature, reminding us how often we call some effective bit of real life "a perfect picture." Mr. H. S. Tuke's "Basking" is even a less ambitious effort of realistic art, and herein its great success. A young fisherman of some sixteen or seventeen summers has driven his boat up the sandy shore, bordering upon an intensely, perhaps too intensely, blue sea. In his canvas trowsers, dark blue shirt, and bright yellow slouched hat, he has cast himself prone on the beach, and as he rests his head on one arm he gazes at the spectator with blinking eyes and cheeks reddened by exposure, for even his broad brim is ineffectual to protect eyes or face from the melting heat and glare of the blazing sun. The realism of the figure at every point is quite startling, while the ripple of the blue wavelets behind him is a perfect poetry of motion. Two bathing scenes deserve particular notice, one of them, "The Bathers," comes from the same hand. While one companion has just plunged into the sea from a boat a little distance off, three young men are disporting themselves in various attitudes on a rock, and from their contact with the salt water it is probably correct that their flesh-tints should be rather deeply flushed with pink. Be this as it may, their limbs are beautifully modelled, and the picture is marvellously lighted up by the

strong sunlight which streams over the rock upon the upper part of their bodies. We have, however, a finer painting of the nude in Mr. Bartlett's "Venturesome," representing a female figure bending over some arm of the sea or a wide loch, ere she can trust herself to its cold perilous depths. Few, if any, can rival this artist in imparting such a refined delicacy yet firmness to the quality of the flesh, in representing the fulness and roundness of the limbs, yet retaining all their litheness, or in investing them with so pure and warm a glow of health.

The ideal and classical subject entitled "Destiny," though a little too hard and cold, or even statuesque in its handling, is a work of great thought and clear execution. On a foreground of golden sands interspersed with sea-green verdure, beneath a sky mottled with white clouds, a blue hill and the sea line marking the horizon, destiny in form of a severe and dignified matron gives earnest warning to two maidens personifying pleasure and self-indulgence :

But mark you this :
While moments melt in gentle wantonness
And toil, ambition, purpose are forgot,
Comes the inevitable, stern, beneficent,
Urging us on.

Much care has been bestowed on the expression of the sentiment and on the due harmony and proportion of colour. Observe the uneasiness manifest in one countenance and the voluptuousness of the other, one being half convinced, but her sister musician little moved, as evidenced by her attitude, the pose of her arms and head, and the affected arching of the fingers. While she is the softer beauty, the yellow wreath binding the black hair and the brown drapery of her companion contrast well with the blue robe and the red and pink roses crowning her own auburn tresses ; significant also is the neglected lyre, with its jarred and broken strings. In another ideal subject we are reminded of Mr. C. Gregory's vigorous but overlaboured bit of sensationalism, "The Sorcerer," by "The Soothsayer" of Mr. C. Gogin, a work of more calm and concentrated power attained with far fewer and simpler aids to effect.

The seeds of time grow, blossom, and bear fruit
Within the mystic crystal of this globe,
And lo ! thy future doth unfold itself,
In such sad wise, that the beholding of it
Makes my speech halt.

Passing by Mr. S. Solomon's rich and elaborate study of

combination of lights, colours, and perspective in the brilliant dresses, profusion of exquisite flowers chiefly azalias, and the reflecting mirrors which adorn a ball-room; as also Mr. J. S. Sargent's ingenious rendering of the soft glow from pink lamps falling upon the figure of a lady seated at a table; and yet again the exquisitely finished head and profile of "Madge," so full of point and standing out so clear and round from the canvas of Mr. J. J. Shannon; want of space obliges us to turn to three more important subjects as illustrating the union of the most refined and delicate workmanship with strict fidelity to the actual occurrences and sentiment of the humblest domestic life. We scarcely know how to choose between two paintings before our mind. One is Mr. Charles Hacker's "The Cradle Song," which seems to admit us into the actual interior of a cottage, where a mother sits on a rough wooden chair with hands lightly clasped and arms extended easily over her lap, and, as her open mouth and the tremulous movement of the throat plainly tell, she is gently singing her babe to sleep, her girlish sister the while delaying just behind the cradle to watch the result. The scene is so entirely English, the group so natural, the arrangements so unstudied, the accessories so well chosen, the treatment of lights and touches of just the right colour so effective, that with all its simplicity the picture is a masterpiece. The same may be said with a justness more immediately self-evident if we turn to that young mother whom Mr. T. B. Kennington has painted lying there on her poorly furnished bed in all the unarranged negligence of sleep. It is "Morning," and on the far side, after parting the white curtains, her little boy's head and face appear just over the bed clothes, which he clutches with one hand as he lays the other on her covered arm, and appears to be calling gently to awaken her. The effect of this picture is startlingly realistic, the pose of the young woman and the passive rest of her features are as suggestive of sleep as her child's face is instinct with restless animation, her neck and arm, as well as the shading of the hair and drawing of the head in both are admirable for refined yet unstrained finish of execution. Mr. Frederick Brown, on his part, has in "Hard Times" proved to us how such a very prosaic event as the entrance of some poor disappointed labourer out of work into the bare, comfortable room of what appears a dilapidated beer-shop, the only other occupant of which is a ragged girl kneeling to gain a little warmth for her hands from the dying embers of the fire, can

nevertheless be treated with a certain dignity and pathos in the manly endurance of privations, untouched by the slightest taint of vulgarity or exaggeration.

The principle of success in realistic painting, properly so called, which has hitherto been our chief guide, forbids our omitting, as our last quotation, "Maréchal Niel," by Mr. Jacomb Hood. Supposing this to be a lady's portrait, receiving evidently its title from the rose which she wears, we have here a new departure in the art. Was ever portrait so delightfully free from all the stiffness and unnaturalness of a too self-conscious sitter? Dressed in dark green folds that harmonize so simply with the lighter green of the dado behind her and the gray wall rising above it, the lady regards us from a round backed chair, on which she has by sudden impulse raised one knee. The easy and unaffected holding of the head, together with the calm unstrained expression of the face, full of individual character, yet looking its ordinary every-day look, these place the person herself before us rather than her mere likeness. With this final example our welcome task is done, our own honest conscientious verdict being, that allowing only a very rare exception, if any, the pictures exhibited this last season in the Marlborough Gallery show a far higher class of conception and work done than was to be found on the walls of the Royal Academy or the Grosvenor; and it is to such men more closely and permanently combined for one common public end, and to their principles, that, notwithstanding our dislike to multiply exhibitions, we must look for the resuscitation of British art in oil painting.

J. G. MACLEOD.

The Lady of Raven's Combe.

CHAPTER LXII.

EXCEPT in the drawing-room, where Colonel Claverock was hearing and saying things that he had never heard nor spoken of before, nor thought of, nor if he had, would ever have imagined himself to look on as possibilities, the household had returned well-nigh to its usual state. The five maids talked a little more, all at once, about the abnormal disturbance of that quiet glen, and the unlucky groom heard again that his fingers had been messing about the trigger. Otherwise all was as if the short, stout man in a great coat had not been seen from an upper window.

Giannina, who had been saved by the messing about, still crouched behind the Portugal laurel, as if the danger were still present. But in fact it was present in a different shape and more dreadfully. The first fear had been sudden and short, akin to despair, yet involving a decision, an effort of energy, and a barely possible escape; but this was a summing up of conscience before the fact, and included a struggle, a choice, a misgiving, all merged in the passions of love, hope and fear. She loved the scoundrel Giacomo, sinner against light, thief of her early affection, liar to his own selfish vows, destroyer of the faith once hers—faith now abjured, practically lost, yet not out of mind, not effaced as a thing that ceases to have a reason of having been. She hoped in him with a strange passion in which hatred, despair, jealousy, excitement of power—even paroxysms of contempt, as a side motive of the *irascible*—came together confusedly without mingling, and each was doubled by its relation to the rest. She feared the justice of God, and shrinking from His mercy, as one who is conscious of being disposed in contradiction to it, grovelled on the ground, a terrified slave to her own disordered will. The hour had come. She had chosen her course. Passion clung to it as a bull-dog, though conquered and exhausted, hangs on by his teeth. She raised her head

wildly, rose on one knee, and gave a rapid glance at the house. The lights were being extinguished one by one, except in the drawing-room, where, through drawn curtains, you could see them dimly. She knew who were there, and shuddered when her eyes rolled in that direction.

The cloud had passed, and a clear moonlight filled the shrubbery. It sparkled among the laurels in silvery waves, glistened on the grass, and gave a mystic hue to the old walls, towards which her eyes turned restlessly. She stood awhile as on the brink of a precipice, compelling her will against the last beseeching voice of conscience aroused from its long sleep.

It was one of the loveliest nights ever seen in England, where, owing to the dampness and consequent white frosts, moonlight in late autumn has a mystic beauty of its own. On such a night, nearly a year before—eleven months and ten days—the Stranger had looked out on the glen and the tiny bay and the peep of starlit sea beyond. He little thought then that his true life was about to begin. Still less did he think now that his fate was again trembling in the balance and hanging on the issue of a desperate attempt at Raven's Combe. Yet so it was, and half an hour would decide it.

The struggle ended quickly. Conscience, choked by passion, could do no more for Giannina, and habit strengthened the temptation by its terrible power of predisposing.

She sat down and opened her black bag, took out a pair of shoes, put them on instead of the heavy boots, and hid the latter among the shrubs, where she also placed her black bag, marking the spot with a dead branch. Then she crept softly down the bank, pushing the laurels aside as she went, and looked through a rhododendron towards the drawing-room windows. One of them was half-open, for the night was mild, and coals were too many on the fire. An old turret clock struck ten. She darted across the lawn, listened at one of the drawing-room windows, heard Lady de Freville's voice in conversation with Colonel Claverock, and again crossing the lawn faster than before, found her way to what seemed an old well concealed among the shrubs, a few paces up the hill-side. She leant over it, took a match-box from her pocket, struck a light, and looked in. Then she sat on the edge for a moment or two, clinging to the stones with her right arm, and then felt with her right foot until it touched a rude step, when she twisted her body round, and again descended, holding by the step above. There were eight

of them, and at the bottom was a low narrow passage, inclining downwards in the direction of the house. Crawling through this dark hole, slimy with damp and fetid further on with pent up air, she crept in, touching the top with one hand after each advance. When she had proceeded in this way about two yards, the low passage opened into a higher one, where she, or even a middle-sized man, could walk upright. Here the ground sloped rather steeply downwards under the lawn, till the passage ended under the house, in a small square landing above a flight of steps roughly cut out of the rock on which the house was built. They were about thirty in number, and she counted them as she went. At the bottom was a small room. She crossed this, feeling her way by the wall to a low doorway, and found a walled shaft about four feet square. Here the air was colder and fresher, owing to a strong upward draught from the underground passage. A narrow, unglazed window, just below the level of the lawn, let in a ray of moonlight that only showed where darkness was. Tangled shrubs growing against the wall concealed it on the outside, but it served its purpose within by giving a little air to the secret way, which, in the days of persecution, had been the way down for hunted priests. Mass had been said in the windowless room, but not often. It was meant for a place of concealment and a way out. Giannina had learnt the inlet and the outlet, five and twenty years before, from Mrs. Claverock, and having since explored every part of it many times by the light of a lantern, could find her way in the dark. No one else knew of its existence now, except, perhaps, an old man who worked in the garden.

She again struck a match, and cast a rapid glance upwards. On the right, thirty feet above, was a large chimney between the two drawing-rooms: on the left was the outer wall of the house. Between them the mine-like entrance led up to the bed-room in which, that very day, Lord de Freville had seen through her disguise, and where, eleven months before, the Stranger had slept without resting.

The light of the match glimmered on a row of rugged stones to her right, projecting at intervals out of the foundations of the chimney and forming a rude staircase. Putting her foot on the lowest, she blew out the match and ascended slowly, until she came to a kind of wooden flooring, just above the little unglazed window. This wooden flooring was, in fact, a trap-door. Part of it was cut out, to make room for a ladder fastened by screws

to a narrow block of oak. She undid a bolt, threw up the trap-door against the wall, shook the ladder once or twice, and finding it secure, mounted upwards. Fifteen feet above was another trap-door, reached by another ladder; but she opened this one slowly and softly, for here the shaft was hollowed out between the drawing-room chimney and the outer wall. The trap-door was heavy and a little too large for the length of her arm. It struck against the stones, and she could hear Lady de Freville say, "What was that?"

"Rats," answered Colonel Claverock, "or bats. There are plenty of both here."

She stood still and listened, but hearing no more remarks about the noise, mounted again.

This ascent was less than the height of the drawing-room. She climbed the rounds of the ladder more slowly than before, reckoning them as she went, and stopped within standing distance of the third and last trap-door. It was made of oak boarding set on an oak frame, deep and heavy, so that you could walk over it without suspecting what it was. It fitted the floor exactly, opening underneath on very strong hinges, and made fast on the opposite side by a bolt that you could draw from above or below. From above you could lift up one of the short boards with a pocket-knife, and pull it up by a ring that lay embedded in the framework. To open it from below was neither easy nor safe. She had to find the bolt in pitch darkness, and almost at the same instant bend nearly double to avoid being struck by the edge of the trap-door, which came down with a swing against the opposite side of the shaft, letting in a glimmer of light through the Kidderminster carpet that covered the space where the trap-door had been.

The trap-door was in the floor, between two doors, leading from the bed-room to the dressing-room, the outside wall on one hand, the depth of two chimneys on the other. The carpet was a strip of that in Lord de Freville's dressing-room, joining the one in the bed-room, and fastened down by a few tin tacks lightly. She stretched out her right arm towards the bed-room, and seizing the carpet by its further edge, tore away the tacks that held it.

Dazzled for awhile by the sudden light, she shaded her eyes with one hand, climbed three more rounds of the ladder, looked between her fingers, and throwing her arms forward on the floor, scrambled out. She listened. All was still. She was now in

the room, having left the trap-door open, the lid hanging downwards. Lastly she loosened some more tacks by means of a strong pocket-knife, laid the rest of the strip in its place, and fastened it with two small pins to the edge of the bed-room carpet. This done, she crept away to the outer door that opened into the gallery above the principal staircase, and listened outside. Neither voice nor footstep could be heard. She glided back noiselessly, took a key from her pocket, unlocked the door leading to the chapel, and left it ajar, with the key of it outside. In the bed-room a small portmanteau or valise, belonging to Lady de Freville, lay on a chair. She caught it up, again opened the outer door, and slipped into the dressing-room through a door on her right. There she set it down close to the carpeted abyss, ran back into the bed-room, and looked at the place where the trap-door was not. The valise lay within sight, and apparently within reach; but the carpet was between, and under it the open chasm. The two lower trap-doors were now open. The whole depth was fifty-four feet, from the overhanging carpet to the stone pavement beneath.

An icy perspiration damped her forehead, like melting snow in a cold thaw. Her cheeks were deadly white, with a dark shade under them, her eyes fixed in terror. A clock in the hall chimed half-past ten. She turned away shuddering, walked up to the door leading to the chapel, which she had left ajar, and locked it from the other side.

"I must wait here," she said to herself, crouching down in a corner, where, through a crack in the panel of the door, she could see into the room by the light of the fire. I must wait here and see all. The carpet must be arranged *afterwards for him*. No! I cannot—I cannot look. But I shall hear and I shall know. And I shall never forget. But so it must be. I have sworn again that Giacomo shall be mine at last. I swore it long ago; and this is the only way, the only——"

A sound broke the awful stillness, and through the outer door of the bed-room, purposely left open, she heard voices in the hall below. It was Lady de Freville saying "Good night" to Colonel Claverock. Giannina trembled from head to foot. Remorse gnawed at her heart. In a few moments Lady de Freville would be in the room, see through the open door the misplaced valise, go for it over the smoothly-stretched carpet, and sink into the abyss.

"And then," she thought, "I must set the same snare for

him, and he will follow her. No! I cannot—not him, not him. . . . But all will fail unless he follows too. Giacomo will go his way. Money and fear! Fear and money! Without money there will be no fear, for he can leave this country. No! no! It must not fail. I must go on to the end. I must set it for *him* after *her*. And when he has fallen in, I must go down myself, and shut the trap-door from below; and nobody will know what has been done. There they will be, perhaps a hundred years. But can I pass near them and see? No! I cannot. I will not let them die. I must undo it. I shall have time to go down as I came, and fasten the trap-door from below."

She sprang up from her crouching position, and began to turn the key in the lock. But at that moment a step was heard outside. It was Lady de Freville's.

"Too late," thought Giannina. "But I might warn her of it. I will. I can speak from this side of the door—make her promise for herself and him to be silent. But will they? Will he? Here she is."

Lady de Freville was now in the room, but the deerhound went before her. He sniffed about, crossed the room to the door behind which Giannina was, and smelt under it.

"You dear doggie," she said. "What is it?" A low growl was the answer. Then he came to her and wagged his tail, but went off again, sniffing round the room, till he stopped suddenly where the carpet was joined, and scratched with his paw.

"He can't forget that strange figure," she thought. "Fortunately I know that she is in London. If not, I really should feel anxious."

The dog, having scratched critically, sat down before the strip of carpet, sideways, keeping an eye on his mistress. Lady de Freville stood a little while before the fire, examining the old chimney and the carved oak above. Giannina watched and waited, saying to herself: "When she moves, I will speak." But she did move, and Giannina did not speak. Shame and fear and the counsel of evil habit prevailed. Lady de Freville moved on towards the dog, spoke to him, and turned aside to look out of the window at the wooded hill bathed in silvery moonlight. She looked at that and a little way down the glen, as far as could be seen from a side window; and then, as she walked away, the moon shone across the dressing-table where the white pin-cushion was, with its embroidered initials.

"I never noticed this before," she thought. "This must be the room where the Stranger thought he saw what he believed that he had seen in the Lady's Bay. But where are my things? They have taken away the valise. Why, there it is in the next room. How was that? I left it here."

She walked on, meaning to carry or drag it into the room; but when she approached the doorway leading into the dressing-room, the dog jumped up, held her dress firmly in his mouth, and pulled her away.

"What is it, then, you old pet?" she said, stroking his head. He wagged his tail and offered his right paw to shake. But nothing could induce him to let her pass.

"The dog will save them," thought Giannina, "and they will suspect *me*. *He* will."

Remorse gave way to rage. Conscience had no voice. Terror, despair, and hatred took possession of her soul and held it with a frightful power while she crouched behind the crack in the door, waiting to see the end.

She had not long to wait. In less than a minute she heard the outer door of the dressing-room open, and heard Lady de Freville call out to her husband: "Take care. There must be something wrong, or somebody in there. The dog keeps holding me, and won't let me go in for the valise. It has been taken away from here."

Lord de Freville turned at the sound of her voice, and saw her standing just beyond the two open doors, the dog holding her dress. He stood still and looked about.

"It must be the recollection of those curls," he said. "There is nobody here, and nothing wrong, except their putting this thing in the wrong place."

He caught up the valise, and came on quickly.

"Stay where you are!" she screamed. "There *is* something wrong, or he wouldn't hold me so."

At that instant the dog loosed his hold, bounded over, and coming with his fore paws against Lord de Freville's chest, forced him backwards. He saved his master, but, owing to the want of space, was unable to clear the hidden chasm. When he landed the carpet sustained his weight for an instant or two, and then the pins gave way. His hind legs fell in, and, overbalanced he was, he had no power to recover himself. Down he must have gone if Lord de Freville had not, with extreme quickness, dropped the valise, caught the dog by the collar as he was falling, and by main force dragged him out.

The strip of carpet hung down against the side of the shaft. Neither spoke, but each instinctively made the sign of the Cross, and then stood motionless, facing each other, with the yawning abyss between them.

Giannina was now rushing madly onwards to the other staircase. She used no precautions, for no one could hear her where she was passing. Time was all, and speed alone could save it. By the light of the moon, now low in the horizon, she could see her way down the unused staircase and, through a little inner landing to the garden door, of which the key was in her hand. She unlocked this, locked it outside, and without looking right or left, ran at her utmost speed till she could run no longer. By that time she was nearly half-way down the glen, and she rested awhile to regain her breath, but only a few moments. The averted catastrophe had happened later than she had calculated, and Giacomo would be waiting for her. The turret clock struck eleven. She could hear it through the still air. On she went again down the gentle slope, as quickly as her breath would allow, till she had passed the headland that separates the Lady's Bay from the shore of Raven's Combe.

It was now dark; for the moon had gone down behind the high cliff on her right, and clouds were rolling up from the south-west. The boat was not there. She walked and stumbled among the boulders from cliff to cliff, turning every moment to look where she had looked the moment before. "The tide is against him," she thought. "He will be here presently."

Then, and not till then, did she remember that her black bag had been left behind, forgotten in her hurried flight. That bag was all-important. It held, not only bank-notes and the corkscrew wig, but also compromising papers; and she would be, if it were found, criminated herself, instead of being able to threaten Colonel Claverock effectually. But how could she get it? Would there be time for her to go back and pass the point again? She thought there would, but a worse fear made her stay where she was.

"Giacomo," she thought, "would come while I was away, and think that I was not coming. I must go there afterwards. But why is he so late, when I told him to be here before eleven, and when he promised that he would?" Half an hour passed, and the tide was rising; but he had not come.

"I must go from here," she said, "but where? He will come and not find me, and not look beyond. Where shall I go then,

without money, and in this dress? I must wait a few minutes more."

"There he is at last!" she cried, for now a boat was rounding the cliffs in the direction of Greenhaven. She waited for its approach, but the water was rising. It touched her feet, then her ankles; and small waves began to roll in. Meanwhile, instead of coming in shore, the boat passed on and was soon out of sight. She rushed wildly after it towards the point—its base was already covered. The water rose to her knees, above her knees; and its depth increased at every plunge that she made towards the far jutting headland. She waded and struggled with the strength of despair, till the swell of the sea took her off her feet and threw her against one of the large boulders. Then she heard the sound of voices in the gathering darkness. The sea rose up to the boulder and above it. Another boat came in sight. She tore off her shawl and waved it violently. Two men were in the boat, but neither of them was Giacomo.

Time was precious indeed, but the use of it was not hers. It was Giacomo's. He had not come nor intended to come. He had quietly deserted her in her greatest need, knowing that she would wait for him, and, by reason of waiting, be unable to repass the cliff.

One of the men saw her wave the shawl, but remembering the story of that place, shuddered and looked away.

"They are leaving me here!" she shrieked. "Have pity on me, whoever you are! Save my life at least! I am not fit to die!"

But the sound of her voice was lost in the hissing of the sea, as it broke against the boulders, and the wail of a rainy wind in the hollows of the brown cliffs.

She shrieked again and waved the shawl, but they looked the other way, remembering the story: and then she shrieked no more. She looked with fixed and straining eyes, but not at the boat as it gradually disappeared, nor at the two men in it. What she looked at had no earthly life, yet it was real to her. It was not Mrs. Claverock, though she had stood, perhaps, on the same boulder—certainly not far off. It was Everard Lord de Freville, whose eyes appeared to look on her through the darkness, he who once had spoken to her the words that she remembered now.

"Pray for me! pray for me!" she said; and the piercing

sound might have been heard at the headland. "Holy Mary," she gasped, "help me! Jesus! mercy! I am a horrible sinner, but, Jesus, have mercy on me—pardon!" The swell of the sea swept her off, rushed into her mouth, gurgled in her throat. She floated for a moment or two, and sank.

CHAPTER LXIII.

THERE was no rest at Raven's¹ Combe that night. Lord de Freville had turned from the trap-door without saying a word; but the abortive attempt was a fact, and it concerned, in one way or another, every one there. He left the room, followed by the faithful deerhound, wrenched open the bed-room door, and holding his wife's hand nervously, drew her into the passage.

"We must go home at once," he said. "Whoever has done this, you are not safe here. After this, who could say what might or might not happen? I couldn't leave you for an instant. I can't now, as long as we are in the house."

"But surely you don't mean——"

"I don't mean anything beyond that. I don't accuse any one, but I must take care of you. There was nothing wrong before dinner—long after that woman had gone away—for I passed over the place myself. I don't accuse any one: but so it is."

While they were speaking Colonel Claverock and Father Merivale crossed the hall on their way upstairs.

"What can have happened?" thought Colonel Claverock, when he had come half-way up the stairs and saw them standing outside the door. He turned very pale, for his fear was that Lady de Freville had seen what was reported to be seen within.

"Can it be true," he thought. "Perhaps, then, I could speak to Edith, hear her speak, learn to believe. I will pass to-morrow night there. Shall I ask Father Merivale's advice? No. He would only say, 'If they believe not Moses and the prophets, neither would they be persuaded through one rose from the dead.' And yet any way is better than none: and if that——"

"Forgive my disturbing the house at this hour," said Lord de Freville, "but I must ask you to let me order the carriage

now. Circumstances have made it impossible for me to stop here to-night."

"I gave strict orders that you should not have this room," answered Colonel Claverock. "I gave the order three days ago."

At these words Lady de Freville felt herself turning as pale as he. They sounded too much like the excuse that accuses.

"This is too dreadful," she thought. "I can't believe it. I won't believe it. And yet——"

"Will you allow me," said Colonel Claverock, "to have another room got ready?"

"I think you mistake the reason," said Lord de Freville. "Let me show you what it is."

He opened the door and went in. Colonel Claverock followed, saw the open trap-door, walked up to it, looked in, and stood there some time, showing no sign of being startled or even surprised. Then he turned away, and they both left the room. When they were again in the passage he raised his eyes and fixed them successively on each of his guests. Their expression was one of gloomy bewilderment and nothing more.

"A curse is on this house," he said, "and has been ever since I had anything to do with it. That must be the secret passage. I remember now that I once heard her speak of it—long ago, before I was married. I had forgotten its existence till now. You had better go, for it seems that I have no power to protect in my own house the most valued friends I have, or rather might have, but for this. I never saw that place till now: but we were not here long, and while we were, trouble and anxiety made me careless of all but her. Somebody—I can't imagine who, nor where from—must have come up it to open the trap-door, and made the noise which Lady de Freville heard in the drawing-room; for the chimney there is below the chimney here, and there is room for such a place. Of course every one will say that I did it. They will say, 'There is a mystery about his life; and besides, his son would gain by it.' I couldn't blame them; and I can't blame you, if you think like them. There is some curse on this house or on me. You had better go. Allow me to order the carriage for you."

"No, not yet," said Lord de Freville, touched and convinced. "You mustn't think that I should believe anything of the kind. But, you see, it isn't for myself."

"If Lady de Freville will stay," said Colonel Claverock, "and let me have my own room got ready for her, I will guard

the door myself all night, and send the stablemen to watch round the house."

"Could the man who was seen in the shrubbery have got in, do you think?" said Father Merivale.

"Yes, I do; but only because I have no one else to suspect. Who he is, and what his motive could be, I can't imagine. There is one person I can think of; but she is in London."

"Are you quite sure that she went there?"

"I never thought of that. She was taken to Wereford station, but——"

"And wouldn't she be likely¹ to know the secret way—an inquisitive, cunning woman like her, who knew the house years ago?"

"Yes: and I suppose there is another entrance below, somewhere, by the noise we heard. But how could she get into it without being seen, when the servants were searching inside and out?"

"We may see how, perhaps, by going down it with a lantern and tracing it to the end. It evidently leads down to an old hiding-hole, and they sometimes had an outlet for priests to escape by."

Just then the Swiss butler passed across the hall to open the front door for Leofric, who came in humming his own version of a ballad sung by somebody where he had dined. Then they heard him say, "Where is old Mother Hopkins?"

"Gone to London, sir," said the Swiss.

"All my eye!" said Leofric. "If she's a mile off, I'll engage to eat her, curls and all!"

He threw down his hat, shuffled off a loose great-coat, and went upstairs, whistling a general tune. When he saw them from a turn in the staircase he stood still and stared.

"What's the row?" said he.

"There is nothing to laugh at, *even for you*," said Colonel Claverock, with a gesture of impatience. "Come here." And opening the bed-room door, he pulled him in by the arm. "Look there!" he said. "They were both within a hair's breadth of going head foremost in. Who opened it I don't know; but I do know—and so must you, if you think at all—*who* would have been suspected, and why. Do you understand that?"

Leofric scratched his head, and his lower jaw fell slowly

"It must have been old Corkscrew," he said.

"Why do you think so?"

"Because I saw a queer figure in the dusk this evening dressed up as a man, with a beard that didn't seem to fit."

"Where and when?"

"Along the road, when I was going out to dinner. There was a man driving a cart, and another man, whose face I have seen somewhere, and this thing in a false beard. I knew her by the look of her eyes, and wondered what she was up to. She can change her get-up like winking. I have seen her before without the curls, and as slim as a ballet dancer. She's a rum old touch, and the same age as everybody."

"I never knew till now," thought Father Merivale, "how much we may owe to idleness. He answers Adam Smith's definition of a philosopher, for he does nothing and observes everything."

"But what could be the use of dressing up as a man?" said Colonel Claverock.

"Why, how jolly green you are, after all the pains I've taken with you!" said Leofric. "Isn't she a woman? and doesn't a woman look different from a man? and wouldn't they be less likely to know who she was, if they saw her in a chimney-pot hat and a reach-me-down coat with big buttons? Of course that was it. Don't you see what she was at? If they had tumbled in, she would have come and said: 'Give me so much money, or I'll swear you knew of the place and must have stuck it open when I was in London.' That's what she'd say. Upon my word, a nice bird that, to let into a decent house!"

Colonel Claverock turned away, muttering to himself, "I begin to think that fools are the wisest men."

"What are you going to do about it?" said Leofric. "She may be down below somewhere, and set fire to something, or blow us all up. Suppose we have a hunt. There is a way down, I see."

"I will go with you," said Father Merivale. "But we must have a light."

"I'll go for one," said Leofric.

"May I order my room to be got ready for you?" said Colonel Claverock to Lady de Freville.

"Any room, thank you," she answered.

"But I am sure of that one," said he, going downstairs.

In a few minutes every servant within the house and over the stable was up and stirring. All the women set to work

preparing the room. The stablemen patrolled the shrubbery. The Swiss butler walked about the house carrying a lamp and a carving knife. By midnight the room was ready, and Colonel Claverock led the way to it. "I trust that you will be able to sleep well," he said. "The door and windows will be guarded as long as you are in it; and I can answer for there being no trap-door."

"And any one in the chimney," added Leofric peeping in, "would have had to go somewhere else before now, unless it was a salamander."

"I assure you that I am quite free from fear of any kind," she said, "and very sleepy. I wish you would go to bed and send the servants to bed. I should be happier."

"For my sake," answered Colonel Claverock, "I ask you to let it be as it is. At present, I don't know who may be concealed in the house, nor where."

"Here is the lantern," said Leofric to Father Merivale. "But can you manage to get down that ladder?"

"You must not indeed, you must not, either of you, whatever you do," said Lady de Freville. "Don't think of doing that, in the middle of the night and without knowing whether it will bear your weight, nor what you would find below. Promise me that you will not."

They promised, and she closed the door. Leofric thrust both hands into his pockets, took them out, and slapped his forehead in token of an idea. "I shouldn't wonder," he said, "if that old well in the shrubbery isn't a well at all."

"Which is that?" said his father.

"Well, I came on it a day or two ago when I was looking for a pheasant that dropped somewhere about there. It looked like an old well, but I peeped into it and saw something like steps; only the place is so dark. Suppose we try."

"I must go, too," said Colonel Claverock: "but I can't leave this door to-night, unless——"

"I shall be here," said Lord de Freville; and off went the other three, Colonel Claverock providing himself with a revolver.

"I hope you won't come with us," he said to Father Merivale, as they reached the spot. "Your life is far too valuable to be risked in this way. For anything I know, there may be half a dozen ruffians hidden down there."

"I don't believe that any one is there now," said Father Merivale.

Down went Colonel Claverock into the supposed well, and crept into the narrow passage, followed by Leofric. Father Merivale came after, carrying a dark lantern.

"A capital place for moles," remarked Leofric, when they had gone a little way.

"Hush! not a word," said Colonel Claverock in a low voice.

"We must keep quiet till we are in."

They came to the higher part, and then to the stairs, and then to the hiding-hole. Father Merivale turned on the lantern.

"I thought there would be nobody here," said he.

They found the way up, saw a glimmer of light far above—it was the light of the bed-room fire—and then they went back to the house.

When they had gone upstairs to report their discovery, they found Lord de Freville talking to a man of a seafaring appearance, who at once addressed Father Merivale in the speech and person of Mick.

"Your Riverence," he said, "there's a poor craythur lies drowned, down at the Coastguard Station at Peveridge Bay, and said I'd be finding you here."

"Is she in immediate danger of death," said Father Merivale.

"Yes, your Riverence. It isn't so much the drowning. It's hurt she is in the back, I think, against one of them big stones."

"And the exhaustion too," said Father Merivale. "We had better take some brandy with us. Show me the way. I must go at once."

"I have a strong dog-cart," said Colonel Claverock, "that goes almost anywhere."

"Thank you very much. But while they would be putting to, I should be some distance on the way."

"She wants to spake with the Colonel, too," said Mick. "I was forgetting that."

"We have explored the passage, and found everything right," said Father Merivale. "You had better come."

They started at a quick pace, and kept it up. Father Merivale walked ahead of the others, but he asked a few questions and learned as much as Mick knew. The information amounted to this: The dying woman had said that she was housekeeper at Raven's Combe. The two men in the boat seen by her were Mick and his boy of a son, who took her for the reputed apparition. Mick, happening to look round, thought he saw a black figure float, sink and presently rise to the surface;

wherat he roared out, "That's not it at all!" and pulled strongly up to her. He and his son dragged her out of the sea, did what they could to restore her to consciousness, and took her to the Coastguard Station at Peveridge Bay.

Colonel Claverock had said nothing, but he listened in awe, such as he had never felt.

"This must be the judgment of God," he thought. "She must have engaged a boat, and the man failed her, and the tide shut her in. I believe now in a personal God."

It was nearly two in the morning when they reached the Coastguard Station. Father Merivale went in. The others remained outside.

"It's a bad business, Mick, I am afraid," said one of the Coastguard men.

"Poor craythur!" said Mick. "The Lord have mercy on her and give her a good end!"

CHAPTER LXIV.

A QUARTER of an hour afterwards, Father Merivale came out, and beckoned Colonel Claverock in. Giannina was evidently near death, but quite conscious and able to speak. When she saw Colonel Claverock, she groaned and partly hid her face, "It is the judgment of God," she said in Italian. "I left her to die there. Can you forgive me? But no, you never can. I left her there in the bay, instead of helping her when she had slipped and was hurt."

"May God forgive you!" said Colonel Claverock in a low voice, "as I do or try to do—God help me! But why did you do that?"

"I asked you to come," said Giannina, "to hear my terrible story. Then you will understand how it happened. When I was only fifteen I was engaged to a young man, a native of the same village. I had known him all my life. He was afterwards valet to the Marquis Moncalvo. Father Merivale could tell you much about him, and so could Lord de Freville. But I have no time to speak of that. He had been in service at Turin, and been in evil company there. He had lost the faith, or given it up, and he took away mine. He wrote from Genoa, and said that he was going to leave service and set up in a shop. I was to go there to be married, because he could not (so he said) leave his

work. I went. It cost me nearly all the money that my mother had saved for the marriage; for he had gone to Marseilles, and I followed him. He had gone from there also, but left a letter for me, saying that he had been unfortunate and must put off the marriage. I heard by chance that it was not the true reason—that I had a rival. I was there without money, without a friend. I went into a baker's shop; I asked the man as well as I could, if he knew any one who wanted a servant. A young lady came in, and spoke to me in Italian. She took me into her service and I served her too faithfully. She told me that she had lately come from India, and was going soon to be married. A day or two afterwards the gentleman came, and they were married hurriedly in a room. He went away. I did not see him then. The rest I can only tell to *you*."

"Never mind Father Merivale," said Colonel Claverock. "He has my full confidence. Go on."

"The bride," said Giannina, "found afterwards that he had been already married. She had a rival, like me. I loved her for that, and I was so enraged for myself, that I was glad to do what she wished. It seemed as if I were revenging myself in helping her. We came to England, and she hired a lodging at Greenhaven. She disguised herself in a black silk gown, too large for her, and a wig, with grey curls, and a widow's cap. It was the same wig that I wore at Raven's Combe. She gave it to me afterwards. She heard that Mrs. Claverock wanted a lady's maid, and she sent me to offer myself. She wrote my character, but she wrote under a false name. I took the place at Raven's Combe, to help her in revenging herself. It was not for money that I helped her; but she gave me money, and would have given me more, if she had lived longer. It was not the money that made me do it. I would have helped any one who had a rival. I cared for money afterwards, when I wanted it for him—but not then—not then. Money—yes, that reminds me. I left my bag in the shrubbery, hidden under the tree, just where the man shot. He will remember the place. There are papers in it. Let each one have his own. And there's money in it, that I have saved up. Will you, Father, take the money and give half to him—he is Mr. Crayston's butler, at Marlton. Tell him what the end has been. Tell him to take warning while he has time. *Chi ha tempo non aspetti tempo*. Tell him to remember that *Iddio non paga il Sabato*. The rest is for alms, and Masses for him and for me."

"I will attend at once to your wishes," answered Father Merivale."

"Listen!" she said to Colonel Claverock. "I must tell you all. But what was I saying? Yes—I remember. When I came to Raven's Combe, my mistress—that is the first one—was at Greenhaven, as before, disguised and wearing a widow's cap. She used to walk over the downs, or come round in a boat, and talk to me in the glen. I used to tell her all that was going on, and when the Colonel went away, and when he was at home. I used sometimes to go up and down the secret way, for Mrs. Claverock had shown it to me and told me why it had been made long ago. But I have more to say. I opened the trap-door this evening. I wanted to have power over you: but that was not the chief reason. I had been discovered. Lord de Freville can tell you why. He had seen me. I was sorry when I had done it. I wished to undo it. And I was glad too when those men that I paid for at Greenhaven, did not kill the other one—I mean the young gentleman who was at Marlton. I knew him, and I was afraid he would find out about me and about —. But I have more to say. What was it? It was about the baby. Where are you? You must hear that. There it is again. I often hear it cry. He is carrying it down through the trap-door. Father, are you there?" Father Merivale poured some brandy down her throat. She revived a little and said:

"My mistress, the other one, not Mrs. Claverock, *would* be revenged, and when she heard from me that a child would soon be born at Raven's Combe, she swore that it should not live. I knew that secret way, yes, very well. The Colonel was gone—was gone to——"

Her lips moved, but there was no sound. Father Merivale gave her some brandy in a spoon.

"Did I tell you?" she said. "What was it? Yes—the baby. I carried it down, tied on my back. I carried it down to the first door, and gave it to him. He was waiting. Don't let me see them. I have told it. It was done for *her*. Father, come nearer—I want to tell you more—of him. He was taken away. He is alive. The man said so, and——" Her fingers clutched at something on the bed—it was a crucifix that Mick's wife had brought—and then she uttered an inarticulate sound, evidently trying to pronounce the Most Holy Name. After that there was neither sound nor movement, except a little tremor in the fingers, once only, and the death-rattle in her throat. A few minutes later she breathed no more.

Father Merivale called in Mick and his wife.

"We must pray for her," he said. "She is gone."

They knelt, and Colonel Claverock with them. Father Merivale said the *De profundis* in English. Colonel Claverock tried to follow the responses of Mick and his wife. They remained kneeling some little time longer, and then Father Merivale went out, followed by Colonel Claverock and Mick.

"Please, sorr, how will the poor craythur be buried like a Christian?" said Mick.

"Father Merivale and I," answered Colonel Claverock, "will see to that."

"Blessed be God!" said Mick, "she lived long enough for your Riverence to come."

"She owes that to you," said Colonel Claverock.

Mick stayed outside the house. Colonel Claverock and Father Merivale walked home, groping their way through the darkness which a sea-fog had increased and thickened. If the lantern had gone out, they would have been in danger of straying off to the edge of the cliff. It was four o'clock in the morning when they reached Raven's Combe.

CHAPTER LXV.

SOON after daybreak Leofric and the grooms began to look for the bag, and found it, but not till nine o'clock, buried under a heap of earth and leaves near the roots of the Portugal laurel. Father Merivale brought it into the house.

"I had better examine the contents of the bag before I leave here," said he, "and then write a note to the man; for he may be out when I go to Marlton."

"Why not tell him to come for it?" said Colonel Claverock, "and will you ask him what is to be done with the rest of her things? He had better have them, I think; for I don't know of any one belonging to her. If we could only have been on the spot sooner, I should have heard all—about the will, for instance—and now I never can. But the worst of all was her not being able to explain what she meant by that incoherent story at the end. There is no meaning in it that I can see, for its only possible meaning I know to be impossible. My son is alive and well."

"The poor creature was evidently wandering in her mind

said Father Merivale. "By-the-bye you must see me open the bag, for the office is a very delicate one. Fortunately you heard her ask me, or I couldn't have undertaken it."

While he was speaking Leofric entered the room, and said with an earnestness quite foreign to his habits, "Why not do it now? We shall have lots of time before breakfast."

Colonel Claverock was not aware of his having any private reasons for giving the advice, but, hoping to find in it the written promise and some sort of evidence about the forged will, he was no less anxious to begin. Father Merivale made no remark, but delayed opening the bag.

"We shall keep them waiting for breakfast," urged Leofric, "if we don't begin. Three witnesses are enough for anything."

"They are," said Father Merivale, "and we had better have them. It might be as well to call in the butler, and——"

"Lord bless me! He doesn't know anything, that fellow doesn't. He speaks no language and wasn't born anywhere."

"At that moment Lord de Freville entered the room. Lady de Freville and the dog were coming downstairs.

"We had better not open it now," said Leofric. "It will do just as well after breakfast."

"We had better go on, now that we are all here," said his father; and going up to Lady de Freville, who was then coming in, he said, "I hope you kept your promise and slept well?"

"Without waking till half-past eight," she answered; "and then I heard of the dreadful tragedy. How long did she live after you saw her?"

"About half an hour," said Father Merivale, opening the bag. "I am now fulfilling her wishes as far as I can to-day. Here is the first thing that appears—her poor wig and box of paints. And here is a side pocket, locked. Perhaps the same key will fit."

He tried, and succeeded in opening it. "These papers," he said, taking out a long blue envelope, "will, if I am not mistaken, unravel the forgery."

In the envelope was written, in faded ink, "Draught of my proposed will. E.F."

"That is my father's writing," said Lord de Freville; "and here, also, I see, is the original letter to Sir Leofric, of which I found the copy at home. This enabled her to copy the signature and fill up the date."

In the same envelope was a list, in Giacomo's handwriting, of

the servants at Netherwood. The next thing found was the promise of an annuity. Father Merivale handed it to Colonel Claverock.

There was one more paper. Leofric saw it first and began to protest.

"Upon my word, now!" said he, "when I paid it all!" and his cheeks were as red as a cabbage rose. "What a d—— chouse to stick such a thing as that in there!"

"Don't make excuses, but own the truth," said Colonel Claverock. "Make a good resolution and keep to it. You were dunned by a money-lender and borrowed from her to pay him."

"She did all she knew to make me do it!" grumbled Leofric. "It was all because——"

"Never mind how or why. You did it, and I paid her."

"Hang it! Why, so did I. And she promised me to burn that paper."

"And so did somebody else, it seems, judging by this memorandum. Here is an account of her money. So much wages saved, and so much, and so much, and £200 in bank notes from Mr. Crayston, to pay me for my loan to the dear son."

"What!" roared Leofric. "You don't mean——"

"I mean that here it is. I don't know what else it could be for. She was here when he came here last November."

Leofric slunk back and looked out of the window. They found another packet of notes and three rolls of sovereigns. The whole amount was nearly £600. Father Merivale divided it in half: put one half aside for Giacomo, and taking the other, said to Colonel Claverock, "I must ask you to be a co-trustee of this."

The papers were then burnt, except these relating to the will, which Lord de Freville kept.

After breakfast they went into the shrubbery and examined the outer entrance to the secret passage. Colonel Claverock passed through it, carrying a lantern, closed the three trap-doors, and came back. The events of the night and early morning engrossed the conversation till luncheon-time. After luncheon Colonel Claverock heard Lord de Freville ask for his carriage. He took Father Merivale aside and said, "I hope you are not going yet."

"I am sorry to say that I must be at home by five o'clock," answered Father Merivale.

"What I saw last night," said Colonel Claverock, "has made me believe in a personal God and the intervention of His Providence. Given that, the rest is plain—quite plain to me. I meant to have asked you to come again and talk to you about it, but life is short. Will you, as soon as you may, receive me into the Church—to-day, if possible? Do you mind coming with me to the old chapel? We shall be undisturbed there."

His face was very pale and his voice trembled. Father Merivale pressed his hand and followed him out of the room.

CHAPTER LXVI.

TWO days afterwards Giacomo received the money, the message, the black bag, and a large trunk labelled "Mrs Hopkins." This was done at Raven's Combe, in the presence of Colonel Claverock, who then addressed him suddenly in these words:

"You drove with her as far as the top of the hill. Don't deny it. Here is my son, who saw you in the cart. What were you doing?"

"Sir," said Giacomo, edging towards the door, "I had business of my own."

"So I suppose. But what was it? If you don't answer me, I shall commit you on suspicion of being concerned in a conspiracy to murder. What were you doing?"

"She asked me to bring a boat for her to the little bay below. That was all. I knew nothing more. She told me nothing more. That I swear."

"And you didn't do it. You left her to drown. You are a scoundrel. Get out of the house with your baggage, and be off!"

Giacomo needed not the admonition, for he knew himself to be a scoundrel, and earnestly desired his own absence from where he was. He disappeared with his unexpected property, and, a few days later, followed Crayston to Paris. Both are flourishing and likely to flourish till the hidden day of reckoning on which God pays.

"I must ask you to do one thing more," said Father Merivale to Colonel Claverock, "about the distribution of that poor creature's money—a good deal of it being yours by-the-bye—for otherwise he may give trouble some day. I want you to be a sort of co-distributor and keep a duplicate account of it."

He then drove back to Freville Chase, where, early the next morning, he baptized a newly-born son and heir. Towards mid-day the Stranger appeared, having ridden there in consequence of the vague reports about the doings and dangers at Raven's Combe two days before. He heard the news, left his card, called on Father Merivale, from whom he learnt all that he wanted to know, and went back to Monksgallows, where he found old Pitmore and the pet-heir of Pitacres.

Old Pitmore's flabby will was puzzled in relation to the Stranger. He disliked him for having turned, but liked the last result of the turning. Should he be civil or bluff? After a little reflection it occurred to him that a certain number of people ought to turn, as warnings to others, like the drunkified Helots in Sparta; and therefore, splitting the difference, he was bluffly civil.

"What news have you brought?" said Lady Ledchester.

"The birth of an heir," answered the Stranger. "There is a general and immense rejoicing."

"No doubt of that. They are so beloved, and have always been so for generations. Did you hear what his name is to be?"

"Everard is the first. I forget the rest, for I heard so much and stayed a very little while."

"Does Lord de Freville mean to let young Dytechley have Netherwood?" said old Pitmore.

"Decidedly not," said the Stranger. "If he did, he would be acting against Sir Richard's last wishes."

"All very fine," said old Pitmore, "and very convenient for Lord de Freville."

"The report set about was untrue," said the Stranger, "and Colonel Claverock has discovered its origin."

"I won't believe it," said old Pitmore, with fat emphasis. "Where there is smoke there is fire."

Having delivered his opinion he waddled off to walk out, and the others followed, except the Stranger and Lady Maud.

"What happened at Raven's Combe?" said Lady Ledchester, turning back from the door.

"A drama of real life," said the Stranger, "but too long to be told in a hurry."

"Afterwards then. But I hope that nobody is the worse for it."

"Nobody. They are all the better—quite the better."

She walked out with old Pitmore, and the Stranger went back to Lady Maud.

Later in the afternoon old Pitmore, being again present, Crayston, who had seen the Stranger riding towards Freville Chase, and heard that Lady Maud was ill in her room, called for the ostensible purpose of saying good-bye before he went abroad, but inclusively and mostly to show himself in that house before old Pitmore, the pet-heir of Pitacres, and any one else who might happen to be there, if only it were not—at least not so soon—the Stranger or Lady Maud. When he came in, and found both, an acute observer might have seen that he was inwardly disconcerted, or, as they say in Warwickshire, looked very old; but the force of habit, the total absence of self-consciousness in the Stranger and Lady Maud, the tact of Lady Ledchester, and the fat identity of old Pitmore, soon put him on good terms with himself, and after a short visit, he went home satisfied, as indeed he had reason to be, according to his own measure. The one drawback was that Giacomo knew one thing too much. That dreadful boy had said in his presence, "I heard my lord say he'd take and kick him out of the place."

Reviews.

I.—THE LATIN POEMS OF LEO THE THIRTEENTH.¹

OUR Holy Father Pope Leo the Thirteenth has displayed the gifts of a great ruler of men such as have not often been seen, even in the glorious roll of the Papacy. His moderation and tact, his keen eye for the individual wants of every country on the face of the earth, his policy of conciliation in unimportant points, mingled with unyielding adherence to vital principles, the thoughtful kindness that he never fails to show to all who address him or invoke his aid, the generous love and favour he extends to all the various portions of his flock, have won for him the love and high esteem, not of Catholics only but of the whole world. We have indeed reason to be proud of him! What a work he has already done! The philosophy of St. Thomas has been raised in its proper place in the Catholic schools and a serious danger thus arrested. The devotion of the Rosary has been developed by him to an almost indefinite extent. The Third Order of St. Francis has acquired through his continued praise of it, a popularity it never before possessed. Every religious order has received in turn some proof of his love, some mark of his favour.

Amid all these occupations it seems almost impossible that Leo the Thirteenth should find time for writing Latin poetry. Yet he is poet as well as statesman, and though many of his published poems were written before he occupied the Chair of Peter, yet this is not the case with all. Take for instance the concluding stanzas of a hymn in honour of St. Constantius, the patron of Perugia, the city where Leo had previously been Archbishop—

Dive, quem templis veneramur Umbris,
Umbræ fines placido revisens
Lumine, exoptata reduc opimæ
Gaudia pacis.

¹ *The Latin Poems of Leo the Thirteenth.* Done into English verse by the Jesuits of Woodstock College, U.S.A. Baltimore: John Murphy and Co.

Dive, Pastorem tua in urbe quondam
 Infula cinctum, socium et laborum,
 Quem pius tutum per iter superna
 Luce regebas.
 Nunc Petri cymbam tumidum per æquor
 Ducere, et pugnæ per acuta cernis
 Spe bona certaue levare in altos
 Lumina montes.
 Possit O tandem, domitis procellis,
 Visere optatas Leo victor oras ;
 Occupet tandem vaga cymba portum
 Sospite cursu.

It is one of the gifts of God to the Catholic Church, that whenever the vagaries of human instability give rise to the neglect of some branch of science important to mankind, some Catholic champion comes forward to give it a fresh impulse. In these days of neglect of ancient learning, every scholar will thank God that the Head of the Catholic Church should not only show his keen appreciation of the softening and refining effect of such accomplishments, but should afford in his own person a cultivated and finished example of them. We have every reason to be grateful to the good Fathers of the Society of Jesus, who have with no little skill performed what must have been indeed the labour of love of rendering the poems of Leo into excellent English verse. We give an instance of one of these in which their version is remarkably happy. A brother, hard pressed by the storms of life, invokes his holy sister, lately dead, to come to his aid. We give first the original of the Pope, and then the Woodstock translation—

Heu mare sollicitum spumantibus æstuat undis :
 Nox heu nimbosum contegit atra polum.
 Quassatur ventis, pelago jactatur in alto,
 Et jam fracta ratis gurgitis ima pebit.
 Horremus trepidi, quatit æger anhelitus artus :
 Mors instat, jam jam nos vocat unda maris.
 Flet genitor, resoluta comas loca questubus implet
 Conjux ; cum natis anxius ipse gemens.
 " O soror, inclamo, portu jam tuta beato,
 Eia adsis, nostras et miserata vices,
 Fluctibus in mediis affulge sidus amicum,
 Per vada, per syrtes, O bona, tende manus."

Seething is the deep and crested
 With the foam of angry waves,
 As the night steals o'er the heavens
 From its silent, sunless caves.

Shattered by the storm and drifting,
Drifting on the maddened tide,
Onward drives the bark dismantled
To the whirlpool deep and wide ;
Onward, as we wait and tremble
Breathless with a nameless fear,
Death before us looming grimly
From the yawning sea-gulf near.
Pallid wife with locks dishevelled
Rends the air with plaintive cries ;
Wail of child and moan of father
O'er the din of ocean rise.
" Sister ! safe within the haven
Of the voiceless, viewless shore,
Be our Angel and befriend us
In affliction dark and sore ;
Beam upon us like some lode-star
Lighting up the trackless plain,
Leading clear of shoals and quicksands
Through the dark, mysterious main."

Perhaps the most interesting of these poems is one in which the Pope tells the story of his own life. We heartily echo the prayer with which it concludes—

Ah ! miserans adsit Deus eventusque secundet :
Aspiret votis Virgo benigna tuis.

2.—THE CLOTHES OF RELIGION.¹

Buddhism may be aptly defined, asceticism without religion. So of Positivism it may be said that it is philanthropy without religion. To reduce Mr. Harrison to this confession is the aim of these short essays. But Positivism and Mr. Harrison claim and pretend to be above all things religious. They have an object of worship, the Great Being, Humanity, made up of all worthy specimens of our race who have contributed in the past, and shall in the future contribute, to human progress. These pretensions Mr. Ward calls "the clothes of religion." He argues that Humanity is as unworshipful a conception as the Unknowable, the worship of which Mr. Harrison derided in his controversy with Mr. Spencer. Worship must be a reaching out towards realities, who in return incline and hearken to their worshipper. But where is the reality of the Great Being? The dead are not, unless the soul be immortal, and personal

¹ *The Clothes of Religion.* By Wilfrid Ward. London : Burns and Oates, 1886.

immortality, if not denied by Positivists, is at least not taught as a fundamental truth in their system: the worthies to come are not, and as for worthy men now living, they are mostly beyond our ken.

Religion, again, as Mr. Harrison lays down, should supply a rule of conduct. Positivism accordingly selects five hundred and fifty eight eminent specimens of humanity for our imitation, Moses, Homer, Archimedes, Newton, Cæsar, St. Paul, St. Bernard, Mahomet, St. Thomas Aquinas, &c. The difficulty is, that such heroes illustrate every variety of conduct. Mr. Ward pertinently asks: "Which should a plain man imitate—the chaste St. Bernard or the unchaste Mahomet?"

Then we speak of the consolations of religion. Every religion must end by consoling; or it is naught, and men will have none of it. Mr. Harrison grew merry over Mr. Spencer's Unknowable, calling it x^n , and imagining a prayer: "O x^n , love us, help us, make us one with thee." What consolation is there in that, he asks, for a mother wrung with anguish for the loss of her child? Little enough, surely. But for x^n substitute Humanity, and what have we gained?

The second of Mr. Ward's essays is entitled "Pickwickian Positivism." It deals with Mr. Harrison's more recent utterances, whereby all his former grandiloquent diction about "prayer, meditation, and thanksgiving," to be awakened by "that Human Power from whom all our good things come," is explained to mean merely this, that we are to have a "rational regard" for the happiness of our fellows. This last proposition is undeniable: but the simple benevolence which it inculcates does not deserve those impassioned epithets which are reserved for religion alone. As Mr. Ward points out, and Mr. Harrison virtually acknowledges, philanthropy is not religion, nor Humanity a *præsens numen*, except in a Pickwickian sense.

These two essays ought for ever to extinguish Mr. Harrison as a teacher of religion. If Positivism really is a religion and a worship, he should no longer call himself a Positivist. He is already disowned as such by the orthodox following of Dr. Congreve. He would do well henceforth to spend his eminent rhetorical powers on matters literary, scientific, political, but not religious, such things as the London University examines in. So he may yet succeed there another time.

3.—ECCLESIASTICAL ENGLISH.¹

The author of the *Dean's English* is a keen critic and an amusing writer. He takes the revisers of the Old Testament to task for slipshod English, and he supports his charge by a detailed examination of about a thousand texts, and although here and there he is, we think, a little hypercritical, and in some five or six instances mistaken, he proves his position on the whole, and puts the revisers clearly in the wrong. The Revision has not been a very fortunate undertaking. Linguists and divines have already dealt severely with the philology and theology of the revisers, now comes Mr. Washington Moon to prove that even their English is defective. He notes in his Preface that the reception of the Revised Version by the public, has fallen far short of the anticipations of its promoters.

Within a few months [he says] of the issuing of that stupendous work, the great excitement which had heralded and accompanied its publication, died down; and so cooled became the once glowing ardour of the booksellers who under its influence, had been induced to make excessive purchases, that they were offering their surplus copies at less than half-price—and offering them in vain.

A charge against the Revision which Mr. Moon proves most completely, is that of inconsistency. One form of a word appears in one place, another in another; it is the same with constructions, in one place we have an old construction, in another the modern phrase takes its place; sometimes there is inconsistency even in the verses of the same chapter. Here are some examples:

There are many inconsistencies in the Revisers' spelling. For instance, they say that Noah "*builded*" an altar, Gen. viii. 20; and that Abram "*built*" an altar, Gen. xiii. 18; and that Solomon both "*builded*" and "*built*" the house of the Lord, 2 Chron. vi. 18 and 33. This latter inconsistency is entirely the Revisers' own invention; it is not found in the corresponding passages in the Authorized Version. Again, why do the Revisers say that Abram "*dwelled*" in the cities of the plain, Gen. xiii. 12, and say that Abram "*dwelt*" by the oaks of Mamre, Gen. xiii. 18? Why have we to read that the Israelites "*drave*" not out the Canaanites, Josh. xvi. 10; but "*drove*" out the Amorites, Num. xxi.

¹ *Ecclesiastical English; a Series of Criticisms showing the Old Testament Revisers' Violations of the Laws of the English Language, illustrated by more than 1,000 quotations* (being Part II. of *The Revisers' English*). By G. Washington Moon, Hon. F.R.S.L. London: Hatchards, 1886.

32; and "*drave*" out the three sons of Anak, Judges i. 20? Why have we "*afore*" in 2 Kings xx. 4; and "*before*," with the same signification, in the verse immediately preceding it, 2 Kings xx. 3?

Another fault is the needless substitution of Latin derivations for good familiar Saxon words. In Psalm lxxxviii. 10, "Shall *the* dead arise and praise thee?" has been changed to "Shall *they that are deceased* arise and praise thee?" and again in Prov. xxviii. 8, "He that *increaseth* his substance," becomes "He that *augmenteth* his substance." Again we have instances of another and very serious fault, in verses where the careless order of the words makes the sense obscure. Our author, moreover, takes the revisers to task, for what looks like a feeble kind of punning, but is probably the result of oversight, *e.g.* :

"Rachel *stole* the teraphim that were her father's. And Jacob *stole* away" (Gen. xxxi. 19, 20).

"He *gathered* up his feet into the bed, and yielded up the ghost, and was *gathered* unto his people" (Gen. lxix. 33).

But besides blots of this kind, Mr. Moon collects and classifies with unsparing hand, a host of other errors, mostly falling in one way or another under the general head of inconsistency. Occasionally in his eager pursuit of blunders he sees error where there is none, and he thus exposes himself to a counter-thrust from some friend of the much abused revisers. But we doubt if he has really much to fear from such a quarter. He proves so much that little would be gained by striking a few texts from his long list of faulty verses. The book that contains his "Revision" of the Revisers is interesting reading; useful reading for it serves to put one on one's guard against the mistakes in English to which it calls attention.

4.—SERMONS OF THE REV. JOSEPH FARRELL.¹

Sermons must be exceptionally good if they are to be read, especially now-a-days when so many a writer, conscious of his own incapacity to instruct the world on any other subject, still believes himself capable of instructing it on the most important of all subjects. Too often (alas for the honesty of mankind!) some fair flatterer, or injudicious friend desiring to say something pleasant to a preacher, suggests that he ought to publish

¹ *Sermons of the Rev. Joseph Farrell, late C.C. Monasterevan.* Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son.

such and such a sermon or set of sermons, though all the while he knows full well that he is but fostering self-love and inflicting on the religious public a fresh volume of uninteresting common-places. For this reason we must confess that we always approach a volume of sermons with a certain sinking of heart, a dread of the coming conflict between the stern claims of impartial truth, and a pardonable desire not to wound the feelings or damp the energy of the excellent pious man whose sermons may chance to be before us.

But every rule has its exceptions, and happily we are sometimes agreeably disappointed. In Father Farrell's sermons we have been agreeably disappointed, though as soon as we recognized in him the author of the admirable "Essays by a certain Professor," we knew that so able an essayist could not fail to be an interesting preacher. His sermons are indeed exceptionally good. They are models of what parish sermons ought to be: short, clear, suggestive, never far-fetched in thought or expression, but always bright, original, and eminently practical. They show, moreover, that the author possessed a tender heart and a great zeal for the good of his flock. They are published, not by Father Farrell himself (they did not appear until after his death), nor by any partial friend or admirer, but by competent judges of what merited a permanent place in English literature, and what would be likely to do permanent good to all who should peruse it. It is impossible to give a correct idea of a sermon by an extract, but at least the following extract will show the excellence of apt and homely illustration which characterizes these sermons throughout. Speaking on the subject of Religion in Daily Life, he says:

There are a great many persons, and by no means badly disposed persons, who maintain a sharp distinction between their religious lives and their daily lives in the world. Many a man uses his religion precisely as he uses his Sunday coat. It is far too good for every-day wear; he puts it by carefully all the week, and as soon as Sunday comes, he takes it out of the box and puts it on. It is very respectable, there is a fine gloss upon it; but besides the gloss there are creases in it, that show that it is not worn every day. It is more than likely that, while he is wearing it, he does not feel quite at home, and has a half-longing for the time to arrive when he can take it off, and return to his ordinary week-day clothes. Now, all this is very prudent in the matter of clothes, but it is quite a mistake in the matter of religion, because religion, to be of any service, must be something that is not put off and on, something that makes a part of your very selves. You have souls

to save on week-days as well as on Sundays; and when the Church consecrates one day specially to God, she by no means intends to leave room for the conclusion that the other six belong to the world, or the flesh, or the devil (pp. 280, 281).

The language of these sermons is throughout easy and chaste, and has a classical ring about it which marks them as the work of a good scholar as well as of a holy priest. Take the following extract from a sermon on the History of the gradual Triumph of the Cross over Pagan Civilization. After Pentecost and the Mission of the Apostles, the struggle commenced in earnest. Before this, heathen morality, heathen philosophy, heathen superstition, had ruled with undisputed sway. But now—

Men began to feel that there was abroad a mysterious influence which they could not understand. The new doctrines, strong with the might of truth, and attractive by their intrinsic beauty, won upon the hearts of men. They stole upon the world like strains of half-forgotten music, and wakened echoes that all the world's voices could not stifle. It made its proselytes in the corrupt city that ruled the world; voices from the Catacombs sounded in the chambers of Pagan palaces, and hearts that had been steeped in worldliness recognized their teaching as Divine. And, oh! my brethren, how could it be otherwise? They had drained the cup of pleasure to the dregs, and had found it very bitter; they had felt their weary hearts turn with half despair to a vague something that might satisfy its cravings, but hitherto they found it not. And here was presented to them a teaching which surpassed in sublimity the teaching of the wisest, and a morality purer and less earthly than Pagan sage had ever dreamed in his hour of austere wisdom. Here they found the mystery of life explained, and the darkness cleared away that had shrouded the world's destiny. Here they found an object worthy of immortal spirits, and a means to satisfy the cravings of their weary hearts (pp. 52, 53).

To the sermons are added, in an Appendix, one or two of Father Farrell's speeches on subjects closely connected with religion, on the Education question and the Temporal Power of the Pope. Speaking at a meeting at Maryborough, he uses words which reveal the secret why Ireland has suffered so terribly in the past and the foundation of her hopes in the future:

Through all the web of Irish history—woven as it was in bitterness—dimmed with many a scalding tear, and stained at frequent times with blood, through all that web one golden thread has ever shone with

undiminished lustre—the uncompromizing adherence of the Irish people to the faith and to its living guardian—to the Church and to the Pope. Other nations may have seemed more prosperous—may have engrossed a larger space in the volume of human history; be it Ireland's proudest boast that she has been, in her fidelity to the Church, "sole faithful friend"—the solitary Abdiel of these Western seas (pp. 448, 449).

Father Farrell passed to his reward at the early age of forty-four. Most of the sermons in this volume were written in the opening years of his priesthood. We cannot avoid reflecting on what he might have done if God's Providence had spared him to give to the world the fruit of a long experience and a ripe old age.

5.—THE VALIANT WOMAN.¹

In these chapters, the description of the valiant woman is taken verse by verse, and applied to modern life to suggest the character, virtues and duties, most admirable in women living in the world. They were first addressed to a French audience; and there are many points where conferences to English women would take a slightly different colouring. But after all, the Christian type is in all countries alike, and with all its minor diversities, woman's nature is the same. Hence the translation will be, to many, a helpful and enjoyable book. Mgr. Landriot teaches that the valiant woman is to merit her husband's confidence by her virtue and her estimable qualities, and "her whole life is to be devoted to beautifying his life by constant deeds of goodness." She is to be like the mother of St. Gregory Nazianzen, who "made her domestic affairs prosper in such a manner that she might have been supposed to take no care of heavenly things, and yet she was so pious that she seemed indifferent to all household cares." She is to escape from idleness and reveries, by healthy activity, manual work and the cheerful supervision of the house, mental work—that is, useful reading and even study if she has time and taste, without any foolish pedantry. For this life, early rising is a necessity; and in playful yet serious pages, Mgr. Landriot confesses that we are here "face to face with the most terrible of enemies."

¹ *The Valiant Woman*. Conferences addressed to Ladies living in the World. By Mgr. Landriot, Archbishop of Rheims. Translated from the French by Alice Wilmot Chetwode. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, 1886.

Once your hour of rising is determined, keep to it with a firmness proportioned to the great difficulty of the step, for this unhappy bed contains such an amount of magnetic power in the mornings, that we are constrained, I do not say in spite of ourselves, but with a most persuasive violence which nails us to the spot . . . An old Capuchin monk, after he had spent years in religion, used to say that the thing which still cost him most was getting up at four o'clock in the morning. Certainly, ladies, there is a sacrifice to be made—a real undeniable sacrifice ; but, here below, life is full of sacrifices, and each sacrifice is followed by a feeling of true happiness, and every victory gives a wondrous power.

The saving of the early hours is advocated because of the special promise made in Holy Writ to morning prayer—"We are filled in the morning with Thy mercy"—and also because it is the freshest and most energetic time for ordinary duties,

And when the hour of waste comes, that is to say the hour when life must be cut up into little bits to be spent on a thousand more or less necessary trifles, you will at least have put the best and most precious part in safety. . . . Woman is said by the Holy Spirit to be the sun of her house, and it is the sun which awakens everything in nature.

There is nothing narrow, far less anything extravagant, about the type held up for imitation in these discourses ; for narrowness and extravagance are not to be found in the valiant woman of the Book of Proverbs. She is the glory and the helpmate of her husband ; the stay of her home in all difficult and delicate circumstances, and in misfortune she develops a rare energy and firmness, till, as the Archbishop says, the shattered ship is bound to her, and hers is the strength of a rock.

6.—SHORT PAPERS FOR THE PEOPLE.¹

The immense extension of the Church in English-speaking countries during the last few years has naturally given rise to a multitude of popular apologetical works, many of high excellence. This has always seemed to us a matter of congratulation, and we have heartily welcomed each new book, in spite of the number and excellence of its predecessors. Indeed, being, as they generally are, a kind of extension and wider application of the influence and personal gifts of some successful missionary, it

¹ *Short Papers for the People (Alethaurion)*. By Rev. Thomas C. Moore, D.D. New York : Benziger Brothers, 1886.

would be as unwise to wish to limit their number and variety, as to limit the variety of apostolic gifts and graces in the writers themselves. The classes and persons to whom the Church has her mission are almost indefinitely varied, in qualities of mind and heart; and equally varied must always be the form in which she conveys to them her message. Dr. Moore's *Short Papers for the People* is the latest arrival on our table of this branch of Catholic literature, as it is in many respects one of the very best, and most deserving of the success which it has apparently already met with. The author has the rare and invaluable gift of making controversy interesting, and always intelligible without an effort. The personality of the writer stands out on every page, as the earnest, pious, and large-hearted missionary, frank and fearless, yet always kind and gentle. Against personal contact with an apostle of such patent honesty and goodness, the "Great Protestant Tradition," fostered, as it is, by centuries of calumny and distrust, can never stand out long, no matter what class of men his vocation may throw him among. We do not complain that the book is thoroughly national, and redolent, in every paragraph, of the peculiarities of style and thought made familiar to us by the American newspaper and the American orator: probably the book is the more useful for that; but we do regret that the writer should have to make a quasi-apology, in his preface, to our mind not altogether unnecessary, for attempting "to clothe grave subjects in a light and airy dress;" in other words: for writing of sacred things and persons without that delicacy and refinement of reverence, to which we are accustomed in a Catholic priest. The motive of this is, of course, that admirable and apostolic one for which St. Paul is so often quoted, and sometimes misquoted, of *Omnibus omnia factus sum, ut omnes facerem salvos*. But it is a question well worth careful consideration, if even the people who are attracted by the vagaries of the "Tabernacle" preacher and camp-meeting orator, do not feel an incongruity in any approach, on the part of a consecrated priest, to the extravagances of such men. It is a grave mistake to suppose that a keen sense of fitness in these matters is peculiar to the educated and refined; rather, it is a matter of experience, that the priest's most fastidious critic is to be found at precisely the opposite pole of Society. We would be sorry to have seemed to exaggerate this defect in Dr. Moore's useful work, if, indeed, defect it is, for we are prepared to admit of a difference of opinion in what is

almost a matter of taste ; but we have ventured on this stricture, the more readily, because we so heartily agree with the hope expressed by a Right Rev. friendly critic, that the writer should "not lay down his pen while there is so much to be done," and because we are confident that he owes his popularity and success to his really solid and winning qualities as a writer, and can easily afford to neglect more meretricious attractions, the resort of those who deal in less genuine wares.

The "Papers" were first published in an American Catholic periodical and still retain, with great advantage, their original brief and separately complete form.¹ It is owing to this fact that the book has the peculiarity of having attained success before its publication as a whole, and that it is enabled to give us a long list of "letters of commendation" from bishops and other Catholic dignitaries, opening with a most kindly and sympathetic notice from Cardinal Newman.

7.—CATHOLIC HYMNS.¹

We desire to speak in terms of the highest recommendation of this book, for a collection of hymn-tunes like these deserves the encouragement of all who desire to see the congregational singing in our churches, raised to the level which befits the dignity of Catholic worship. Would that this could be said of all our Hymn-Books!

Tunes which can at once be recognized as extracts from operas and other secular compositions are, we think, unsuitable for ecclesiastical use. In this collection all such airs have been excluded. As regards certain melodies of doubtful origin, time-honoured use has been accounted a sufficient plea for admission, and we think rightly. Indeed we confess to a feeling of regret (inadmissible from a musical point of view) at finding "Faith of our Fathers" divorced from the well known "Swiss" air so long associated with it in many minds. In the cases of all such melodies the editor has been careful to give an alternative tune that is musically irreproachable.

In the excellent little collection known as *St. Dominic's Hymn-Book*, to which the work we are reviewing is the companion, nearly all the most popular hymns are included ; more-

¹ *Catholic Hymns with accompanying tunes, being a musical edition of St. Dominic's Hymn-Book.* Edited by A. E. Tozer. London : Burns and Oates ; Novello, Ewer, and Co., 1886.

over, as there is a choice of some ninety melodies, comprising every metre in common use, and a full index besides for reference, there would be no difficulty in using this book with any collection of hymns. The words of each hymn are printed in full at the foot of the page on which the music stands.

The editor has secured the aid of some of our best musical talent. Among the contributors of the large number of tunes written specially for this work we notice the name of Dr. Joseph Smith of the Royal University, Dublin, whose *St. Kevin* was produced at the last Hereford festival, and the well-known name of Mr. Charles H. Lloyd.

We are glad also to see that some of the most beautiful of the tunes written by the late Mr. Hallett-Sheppard, and Mr. Richardson have been included.

Of the printing and arrangement of the book we cannot speak too highly. The name of Messrs. Novello and Ewer on the title-page is a guarantee for good workmanship, and considering the artistic value of the contents, the price is remarkably moderate.

We have little doubt that before many years we shall see in England an authorized Catholic Hymn-Book, such as those that exist in most of the German dioceses, and we consider the appearance of this collection a notable stage in the process of evolution of which that hymnal will be the final term.

8.—NOTES AND SKETCHES OF AN ARCHITECT.¹

The two chief impressions which an unprofessional eye will probably derive from these very interesting sketches are, the great capabilities of brick and terra-cotta as building material and the special beauty always imparted to a structure by massive simplicity. We have here presented to us elaborate drawings of very ornate detail, not only in altar, reredos, and shrine, but in exteriors also. Yet the attention is singularly arrested by the drawing numbered 32, which gives us the east-end of the Cathedral of Albi. This imposing austere construction is well defined by Mr. Dunn's foot-note as "a fine example of the semi-fortified church in the South of France: grand in its simplicity and mass." It has recently passed its sixth centenary; for the first

¹ *Notes and Sketches of an Architect.* By Archibald M. Dunn. A collection of sketches made in England, France, Germany, Italy, Spain, &c., and also in Eastern countries.

stone, as Abbé Bourassé, historian of the French Cathedral, tells us, was laid on the feast of the Assumption, 1282. This was more than two generations after St. Dominic had preached to the Albigenses and instituted the Rosary: yet it is hardly fanciful to attribute to the austere and military spirit of the Dominican Order the special character of this remarkable building. For the encouragement of those whose church-building does not proceed at a rate corresponding with their ardent wishes, it may be added that this Cathedral was only consecrated in 1480, and not entirely completed till 1512. Of the other point already noticed, the richness which may be imparted to brick as a material of construction, we have abundant specimens among Mr. Dunn's sketches. No. 23 gives us the campanile of St. Zeno's in Verona, where we have a grand simplicity of general outline and treatment, together with an arrangement of brick and tile, which not only relieves the severity of this individual tower, but indicates other combinations which might be developed and enriched *ad infinitum*. The volume contains, moreover, some delicious bits of domestic and street architecture from quaint old German towns, oriental details from Damascus, a street in Cairo, an oriel window (unless it be almost a misuse of terms so to use it) from our own Baliol, and other details over which we fain would linger. It needs only to be added that the pencilling is alternately bold and delicate, as may accord with the subject, to show that the volume presents no ordinary interest even to the unarchitectural mind.

9.—CLARENDON'S HISTORY OF THE REBELLION.¹

It is but fitting that the Clarendon Press should try to make more widely known the literary work of the Chancellor, whose name it bears, and who is in the list of Oxford's benefactors. It has already published the complete works of Clarendon, and it now adds to its excellent editions of English classics by a selection from his history. The portion selected and edited by Mr. Arnold is the sixth book which treats of the period from August 1642 to March 1643. It is well chosen, as it has a unity and completeness of its own, and the reading of it is likely to attract a student of the history of the Civil War to a further

¹ Clarendon, *History of the Rebellion*, Bk. vi. Edited with Introduction and Notes by Thomas Arnold, M.A. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1886.

acquaintance with its author. Mr. Arnold divides the book into six chapters, giving a summary of each, and adds a full index. The notes, chiefly biographical, often with a concise sketch of character added, are very carefully done, and much history may be learned from them. By an oversight page 196, line 2, has no note attached. A plan of the battle of Edgehill accompanies the edition and a map of England with a specially clear division of the counties. Mr. Arnold has made a very attractive little book, and one of the most complete of the series. We may direct attention, however, to one deficiency. The style of the historian is indicated by Mr. Arnold in his Preface by one or two phrases, but this subject might be treated more fully in a short essay appended to the Introduction, and the writer's place in the history of literature shown. This remark applies to some others of the Clarendon Press English series. As the series is intended for students of English literature and the works are studied as English classics, a short criticism of the author's writings and an estimate of them showing how he ranks as an English classic ought to find a place in the introductory matter. This addition to the usual biographical sketch would increase the educational value of these most useful editions.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

We cannot sufficiently praise the varied activity of the Catholic Truth Society. Besides prayer-books, controversial and doctrinal tracts and poems, it is now commencing a series of Penny Volumes of Catholic Tales.¹ No. 1 contains three interesting little stories, two of them sufficiently recommended by the names of their authors, Lady Herbert and Rosa Mulholland, and the third founded on facts which took place in Brittany during the French Revolution. If teachers, or those in charge of children, do not know how to occupy their young charges during leisure hours, they cannot do better than read them one or other of these excellent stories.

Few persons, we imagine, who read the title on the outside of Father Duke's little volume,² will suspect at the first glance that they have to do with a series of lectures on the Catholic Church. This, perhaps, is to be regretted, unless, indeed, the somewhat mysterious title inspires a curiosity to see what the book is about, and then we can safely promise that there will be no disappointment; moreover, it will be found that the title of the work well expresses the various aspects under which the Catholic Church is considered—its power of ruling, of teaching, and of administering the sacraments. These lectures give evidence of careful study; there is a compact body of well-arranged matter compressed into them, the fruit of much thought and wide reading; indeed, while we can recommend it as useful to place in the hands of thoughtful inquirers after the truth, we think that the clergy will more especially find it a useful addition to their library and a very serviceable book in the preparation of their sermons.

¹ *The Penny Library of Catholic Tales.* No. 1. Paul the Mason; The Fatal Birthday; Nellie, a Sketch from Life. London: Catholic Truth Society, 18, West Square, S.E.

² *King, Prophet, and Priest; or Lectures on the Catholic Church.* By the Rev. H. C. Duke. London: Burns and Oates, 1886.

We would commend especially the carefully-arranged series of extracts from the Fathers on various controverted points, the very able expositions of those of our Lord's parables which are concerned with the Church He is about to found, and the seventeenth lecture (the concluding one), which is an excellent summary of much that has been written lately on the pre-Reformation Church of England. The subject-matter of each important paragraph is clearly printed in the margin, a great help to one who is using the book for reference.

The name of Dr. Ullathorne is held in high esteem and reverence by all English Catholics, and the *Oscotian*³ has done well to imitate the example of *Merry England* in issuing a biographical number. The story of the Bishop's life is told in some detail, and the four portraits given of his lordship at various periods add much to its value. A number of characteristic letters are given in an Appendix. Cardinal Newman once described Dr. Ullathorne as a "straightforward Englishman." He is indeed this, and perhaps it is as such that we are proud of him, even more than as a sound theologian and an excellent preacher, and a loved and respected Bishop. But he is all these and much more. There are few among the Bishops to whom the Church in England owes more than to the venerable Prelate who has for more than forty years ruled the diocese of Birmingham. We hope that the *Oscotian* may aid in making known all that he has done for the Faith, not in England alone, but also in Australasia, where he established on a permanent footing the ecclesiastical government of the colony.

Those who have to catechize and instruct the young and the ignorant will find in the *Companion to the Catechism*,⁴ lately published by Messrs. Gill, a valuable collection of suggestive thoughts and a great deal of sound instruction in religious doctrine in clear and simple language. It comprises all the Questions and Answers of the Catechism ordered by the Synod of Maynooth, marked by inverted commas, and adds to them, also in question and answer form, all the explanations necessary for ordinary Christians. It is divided into a series of fifty-two instructions, each of which has in it matter enough

³ *The Oscotian*, July, 1886. Bishop Ullathorne: the Story of his Life. London: Burns and Oates.

⁴ *A Companion to the Catechism*. Designed chiefly for the use of young Catechists and of Heads of Families. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son.

for a week. At the end of each is given an Indulged Prayer, passages of Holy Scripture illustrating the instruction, and a reference to a book of Catholic anecdotes bearing upon it. We strongly recommend this book to the clergy and to catechists. It is drawn up with great care and is a first-rate summary. The following, for instance, strikes us as putting admirably the doctrine of the Church's unity. "The Church is One in faith, in worship and in government. It is One in faith, because all its members believe the same truths; in worship, because all who belong to it have the same Sacrifice and the same Sacraments; and in government, because it is one Body and one Fold, under one Head and one Shepherd, Jesus Christ" (p. 56).

The translator of the *Rite of Conferring Orders*⁵ is to be congratulated not only for the happy idea itself, but also for the efficient way in which he has performed his task of rendering into sound readable English the rite of conferring Orders as set down in the Roman Pontifical. To the laity at large the book will come as a boon. Now-a-days it is no uncommon thing for ordinations to be held in our public churches to which the faithful have free access. As a rule they cannot be presumed to have such an acquaintance with Latin as would enable them to follow the Roman Pontifical. Hence our only surprise is that the book was not brought out before. To the translation, the faithfulness of which is unexceptionable, useful footnotes have been added. These footnotes, explanatory of what otherwise might be a difficulty to the uninitiated, though perhaps in one or two instances a trifle too learned, contribute in no slight degree to the value of the work. The only fault, if fault it be, that we should be inclined to find with the book, is the slight departure from the Douay version in the rendering of the twenty-third psalm. The type, paper, and size of the work leave nothing to be desired.

In the *Flower of Holywell*,⁶ a short drama of five acts, we recognize a very praiseworthy and successful effort to familiarize the Catholic reader, especially the young, with the charming history of St. Winefride's life and martyrdom. Many other of the heroines of the Church have proved by their death the value

⁵ *The Rite of Conferring Orders*. Translated, with annotations, from the Roman Pontifical. Manresa Press, Roehampton, 1886.

⁶ *The Flower of Holywell*. A drama in five acts, founded on the Life of St. Winefride, the virgin-martyr of North Wales. By Mary Elizabeth Williams. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, 1886.

of Christian purity, but quite a peculiar interest attaches to the British virgin-martyr whose memory is still kept fresh by the pilgrimages and cures witnessed even in our day at Holywell. We confess we are more pleased with the portrait given in this little drama of the saint's character than with that last scene which preludes her martyrdom. We are brought back to the Catholic days of faith when true fraternity existed between the great and the lowly. We see the noble born maiden moving among the poor as their true friend and not as their haughty patron, earning by her deeds of charity the heartfelt prayers and blessings of those who in the eyes of the real Catholic are the representatives of Christ. Its perusal by the young cannot fail to awaken and foster that spirit of kindness to the poor which is so sorely needed in our day. The drama has been written with a view to its performance by young actors, but like most poetical dramas, it will probably find a wider circle of readers than of spectators.

Mr. Wilmot has published in a cheap and readable form, an excellent summary of the history and work of the Society of Jesus.⁷ His laudable aim is to dispel the bitter and ineradicable prejudice against the Society which still prevails even among educated men. All that is required for this object is an unvarnished statement of facts. This is given succinctly and yet in sufficient detail to give a very fair idea of the work done by the Jesuits in various parts of the world, and of the general spirit that animates their Order. The way in which Mr. Wilmot has performed his task gives evidence of very careful reading and a good knowledge of the details of his subject.

M. Herder has published a very complete index⁸ to the well-known German Catholic review, the *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach*. In this index we have a key, not only to the contents of the *Stimmen*, but also to the various supplements published from time to time under separate titles, and the series of commentaries on the Encyclical and Syllabus of 1864, and the writings on the council of the Vatican, published by the staff of the *Stimmen* before the review took its present form.

On opening *The Life and Times of St. Patrick*,⁹ we found to our surprise that his Life ends with his birth and his Times

⁷ *The History of the Society of Jesus*. By A. Wilmot, F.R.G.S. Price 1s. London: Burns and Oates.

⁸ *Register zu den Stimmen aus Maria-Laach*. Freiburg: Herder, 1886.

⁹ *The Life and Times of St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland*. By Mgr. Gradwell. Preston: E. Buller and Son.

with those which preceded it. The writer announces that there is more to come, but certainly the title of the pamphlet is rather misleading. Mgr. Gradwell decides very summarily the question of the Saint's birthplace, and seems surprised that it has been so much discussed. "It is quite extraordinary the interest which has been concentrated upon the birthplace of St. Patrick" (*sic.*) He proves from the Roman Breviary that he was born at Dumbarton, and seems to think that the much disputed passage is clear as the day. We will not enter the lists with him. Anything which directs attention to that mighty Saint is of interest, and we welcome any attempt to do honour to Ireland's Apostle.

Mr. Kentish Bache has written some little pamphlets and sermons which have the laudable object of defending Holy Scripture against its assailants.¹⁰ His theory respecting "the cursing psalm" (Psalm cviii.) is ingenious, but untrue. He regards it as consisting of the curses uttered by the enemies of David against the Royal Prophet. Such an explanation is sufficiently condemned, by its being at variance with all tradition and inconsistent with the use of v. 8 by St. Peter in Acts i. 20. His answer to the *Duke of Somerset's Scepticism* has a few good remarks in it, but is quite insufficient, and the same may be said of his *Letter to Dr. Davidson*.

A thick pamphlet, ominously bound in a black cover, stamped with blood-red letters, denounces in very emphatic language the National League and the Irish Republican Brotherhood,¹¹ with which it is supposed to be associated. The frontispiece represents a pyramid, at the top of which is Mr. Parnell, in the centre the Assassination Committee, and at the base the rank and file of the said Brotherhood. The sentence in which this pyramid is described illustrates alike the sense and the style of the whole pamphlet. "The pyramidal formation of the organization is suggested by the well-known fact that the excavation in the Pyramids of Egypt have revealed that the different strata in these remarkable edifices are connected by underground passages, a fact which Mr. Parnell himself will probably fully appreciate" (p. 6).

¹⁰ *The Cursing Psalm.* By Kentish Bache. *The Duke of Somerset's Scepticism.* By the same Author. *A Letter to Rev. S. Davidson.* By the same. Parker and Co.

¹¹ *The Repeal of the Union Conspiracy, or Mr. Parnell, M.P., and the I.R.B.* London: Ridgway, Piccadilly.

II.—MAGAZINES.

In the latest issue of the *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach* Father Lehmkuhl resumes the subject of the condition of the working classes in regard to wages, which in some branches of industry, are far lower proportionately than they were two hundred years ago, and inquires into the causes which have led to the present depreciation of labour. He considers a great deal of the existing misery and discontent is due to the universal use of machinery, still more to the absence of justice, charity, and Christian principle in the relations between employer and employed. Father Rieth concludes his article on the necessity of eternal punishment, showing that Hell, originally intended as a place of punishment for the fallen angels, the thought of which should be a deterrent from sin for the human race, cannot be a place of correction and amendment, but one of expiation in the strictest sense of the word, wherein the offended majesty of God is to be avenged, and the order of the world, disturbed by sin, restored. The heroic fortitude wherewith the Catholics of England bore the persecutions inflicted on them in George the First's reign—sometimes overlooked on account of their greater sufferings under Elizabeth—forms the subject of another article. The law compelling them to take the oath of allegiance, tantamount to a practical denial of their faith, under pain of confiscation of two-thirds of their income, which had been in abeyance in Anne's reign, was again enforced, and the *Stimmen* gives a long list of the Catholic nobility who on this account became poor for Christ's sake. Father Gietmann continues his essay on the essential characteristics of the tragic drama, and Father Baumgartner gives a sketch of the *Lusiads* of Camoens, which were written at the time when Portugal was at the zenith of her glory and greatness, and her history presented a wealth of material to the poet for the composition of this *Lusitanian Odysee*, formed on the model of the ancient epic poets, in which prominence is chiefly given to the period of great discoveries, and the gods of Olympus are mixed up with the achievements of the Christian heroes of the middle ages.

In the *Katholik* for July the review of the several Encyclical letters, seventeen in number, addressed to the whole Church by Leo the Thirteenth since his elevation to the Pontificate, is concluded, and the attention of the reader is directed to the

untiring zeal, discretion, and ability displayed by the Supreme Pontiff in the fulfilment of his sacred mission to watch over Christ's flock and promote its spiritual and social interests. Dr. Gutberlet terminates his careful and patient exposition of the principal systems of ethics, showing that they are all alike chimerical and valueless, since without the fear of God and the help of God, there can be no true morality. In a recent number of the *Katholik*, the theory of the existence of other races of human beings in the heavenly bodies, was pronounced to be highly improbable, and rather repugnant than otherwise to revealed truth. Dr. Pohle, the author of a work on this curious and interesting subject, now comes forward in its defence; he argues that the silence of Scripture and of the Church on this point must not be interpreted as condemnatory, since it is not a question of faith or morals on which the Church as guardian and teacher of truth would be called on to decide. The *Katholik* also brings before the notice of its readers the supply of a want long felt, viz., a good history of the Popes written from a Catholic standpoint. Professor Pastor's work is said to be most satisfactory in every way; it is the result of much study and research, and presents a true and clear picture of the troubled period subsequent to the close of the middle ages.

The *Civiltà Cattolica* (867) again denotes a portion of its space to the subject of hypnotism, which despite its claim to be something novel, of physical and clinical importance, is but a revival of mesmerism and clairvoyance, which closely allied with spiritualism, were in vogue half a century ago, and were condemned by the Church as dangerous and hurtful to society. Another article determines the nature of the Syllabus of Pope Pius the Ninth, the dogmatic value of which has been doubted by some Catholics. It is defined as an enumeration of errors condemned collectively and singly by the Papal See, and which all Catholics are consequently in conscience bound to abjure. We have also the conclusion of the articles containing an elucidation and amplification of the Encyclical, and the usual instalment of the serial story, which is full of startling incident and varied interest for the lovers of light literature.

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